ANIMALS LOOKING AT YOU

LOS ANGELES MUSEUM
EXPOSITION PARK

ANIMALS LOOKING AT YOU

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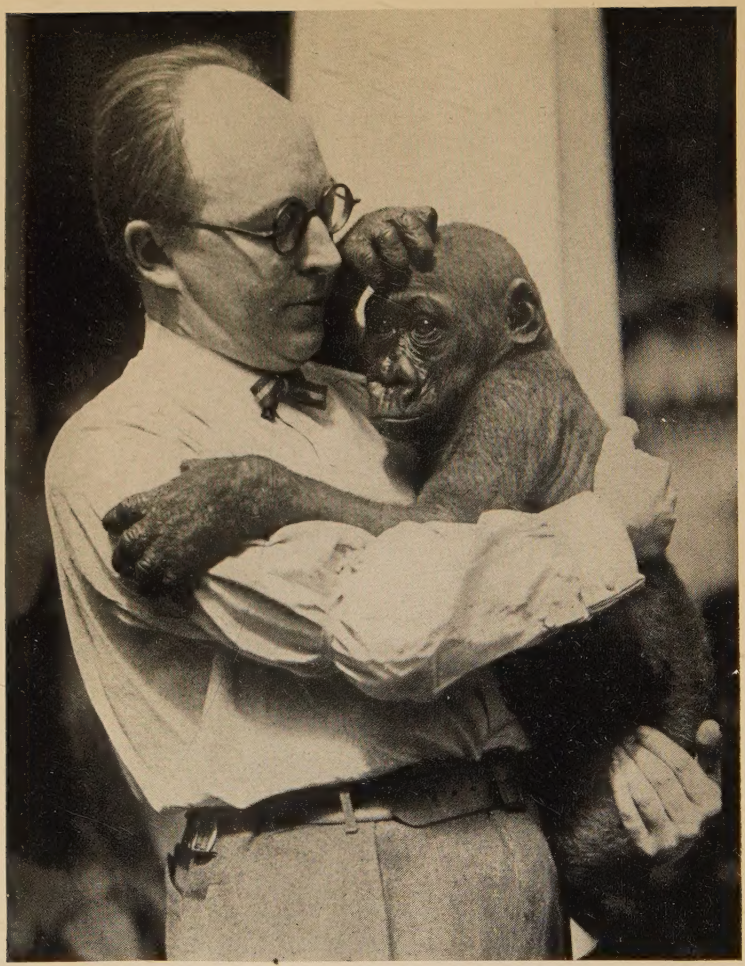
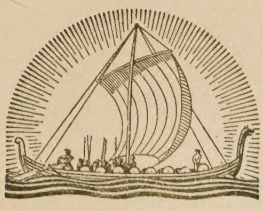


THE YOUNG GORILLA IS A QUIET, PENSIVE CREATURE, AND NOBODY CAN RESIST HIS CHARMING MANNERS

Animals Looking at You

BY PAUL EIPPER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEDDA WALTHER



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EXPOSITION PARK

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
I Look at the Animals	1
Pessek	6
Darling Baby Guanaco!	10
Tiger-Beauty	11
The War of the Pelicans	15
Fallow Lynx	17
The Leopard Chinee	18
A Day with the Orang-Outang Children	19
The Mourning Elephant	22
The Pike and the Eel	23
Leopards in Love	24
Baby Bears	27
Passions in the Monkey House	27
Wolves	30
Giraffes Travel to Berlin	31
A Moor-Antelope Seeks Its Mother	34
Sleeping Elephants	35
The Tiger Who Wanted Petting	38
Young Black Panther	39
The Marabou	41
The First Giant Orang-Outang	43
The Crocodile Snaps His Jaws	46
The Home-Sick Jaguar	47
The Big Orang-Outang Finds a Home	49
A Nature Film	53
The Cheetah Rejoices	55
Giraffes at Play	57
The Night-Ape Is My Friend	60
The Jealous Lion	62
Uncanny Gnu!	63
The Harpy and the Screamer	65
The Home-Sick Jaguar Finds a Mate	66
The Musk-Ox	69
In Memory of a Young Dromedary	70
The Demented Polar Bear	71
Mother Jaguar	72

PAGE

The Ship of the Ape-Men 74
Eland Antelope in the Snow 79
Marvels of the Sea 81
The Elephant Bathes 83
Time Brings Changes Even to the Jaguar 84
The Chapman Zebra 86
The Vulture-Turtle 87
Lion Cubs 88
Elephant Love 91
The Duel of the Flamingos 92
The Hamadryas Tyrant 95
Sea-Elephants of the Antarctic 97
Three Leopard Cubs 101
Love in Autumn 102
The Lion Registers Pleasure 104
Llama, Love and Snow 105
Robbers in Armour 107
Happy Orang Family 109
Wild Tigers Arrive 113
Elephant Broken Loose! 115
The White Lioness 116
Emu Hate and Fatherly Love 118
Cassowary 120
The Turtle—Live and Let Live 121
Persian Panthers 122
The Water Buck 123
The House of Animal Secrets 124
The Snakes Feed 130
New Year's Eve Among the Animals 134
Death Stalks Through the Menagerie 136
Mother and Child 138
The Maimed Leopard 140
The Miracle of the Birds 142
Siberian Tigers 146
Bobby, the Gorilla 149
A Puma and a Dream of Life 157
Cloud Animals 159

ILLUSTRATIONS

	FACING PAGE
Young Gorilla	*Frontispiece*
Female Orang	6
Baby Guanaco	10
Guanaco Mother and Child	12
Orang Child	20
Baby Orang	22
Wanderoo	28
Marabou	42
Giant Male Orang	44
Giant Male Orang	46
Lion	62
Harpy Eagle	64
Crested Screamer	66
New-Born Dromedary	70
Orang Mother and Child	76
Little Eland Antelope	80
Chapman Zebra Stallion	86
Lion Cub	88
Crested Goose	94
Hamadryas Baboon	96
Sea-Elephant	98
Sea-Elephant	100
Leopardess	102
Orang Mother and Child	110
Orang Mother and Child	112
White Lioness	116
Orang Child	124
Baby Orang	126
Male Orang	128
Ostrich	144
Siberian Tiger	146
Young Gorilla	152

To go to the animals is to go home.

JOHANNES V. JENSEN.

ANIMALS LOOKING AT YOU

EXPOSITION PARK

I LOOK AT THE ANIMALS

Wherever there are animals I find happiness and peace. The ants marching their ordered way through the wood, the common behind the dunes, the tent in the travelling circus, a dog or a cat, all these things have the power to influence my whole course of action.

I am often asked—"Why do you go to the Zoo every morning? Why is your first visit in any new town paid there? Surely it becomes boring in time?"

Difficult questions to answer—and yet at the same time easy. I look at the animals!

Infinite worlds, each with its own integrity and exclusiveness, each a world in itself, mingle and merge, contradictory yet unified one with the other. The world of minerals is just as near and just as distant to the world of plants as the kingdom of animals to the empire of man, and who knows if it may not be the merest presumption on our part to pretend to their true ordering.

If our approach to them is tempered with but a little modesty and reverence, all differences must disappear, for where heart and brain combine in quest of knowledge and understanding they in turn are seized upon by the very forces they seek to enthrall.

Something rich and beautiful remains for me in the midst of all the usual daily things of life—I look at the animals!

I admit it is a different thing to stand on the African plains and watch the thousand-headed herds of gnu, antelope, ostrich, zebra and giraffe; or to see the tiger in its native jungle, the elephant at the water-hole and the monitor lizard in the tropic sand—I admit that it is one thing to watch these creatures in the full freedom of nature and another to see them caged, barred and confined in a Zoological Garden as prisoners of Man.

But nevertheless it is an injustice to condemn the Zoo as a mere "animal-jail." The fervent animal lover is apt to forget that full freedom means the stern relentless struggle for existence for the greater part of them. We must beware of attributing to animals our own human qualities and burdening their souls with our own sentimental emotions. The zoological curator of our day relieves the animal of its weary, danger-fraught hunt for food. He gives it protection; and his experience of its proper care is constantly growing.

Animals are fast disappearing from the streets and homes of our cities. Even in the wilderness the rapid advance of colonization is driving the four-footed and feathered creatures of forest, mountain and plain back to last strongholds; their numbers dwindle and are threatened by extinction. Irresponsible "sportsmen" murder in the ignorance of blood-

lust. Soon the last giants of Indian and African fauna will be unknown in nature.

Today the Zoological Garden offers us a way to nature, education for our youth and an almost incalculable wealth of materials for science and the arts. In this age of triumphant mechanization we dare not allow its right to existence to be challenged. The animal lover needs the Zoological Garden.

But let me first give warning against any superciliousness. Animals are not merely objects to be thrust into a cage, fed once a day and herded in close confinement so that they may be viewed in comfort from every side.

Two conditions must be insisted upon, and unless they are strictly observed, we must nowhere allow animals to be exhibited.

The first condition is *Space!* I remember with horror and indignation the cramped, dingy structure that has been standing in a certain Zoo since somewhere about 1875 and which today serves as the jackal house. It was built to be the home of lions, tigers and bears! Since those days we have certainly become more "humane," and it is to the imperishable credit of Carl Hagenbeck that he taught us how necessary are light and airy space for all wild creatures. An animal from the tropics is far more likely to survive our climate exposed to sun and wind than in a heated stuffy cage. It is, indeed, surprising how many exotic creatures can live and thrive even in snow and rain provided they have ample space for roaming or climbing. Hagenbeck's sons, the present owners of the Stellingen Zoo, have shown me the revolu-

tionary plans and models they wish to realize—grounds laid out in almost fantastic excellence, practical and beautiful, a veritable animal paradise. To achieve them will be to render an invaluable service both to animals and humanity!

The second condition necessary for healthy captivity is—*two of every kind*. There is no more dreadful fate for any animal than loneliness and nothing more fatal to health than lack of a mate. Here is a consideration and duty that might well engage the attention of all societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals.

No Zoological Garden has cause to complain of lack of visitors. The modern city dweller throngs to every spectacle and it gratifies him to stand before the cages and find joking resemblances between this animal and the man next door, between that animal and an uncongenial relative or ridiculous acquaintance, and finally to crown his observations with a comforting moral reflection.

And who would gainsay him this pleasure or say he gives offence to his brothers the animals in so doing? Animals are creatures with their own distinct claims and rights to life. It may be that they lack many human abilities and that their ways are different from ours, but prejudices about "education" or the "dignity of man" will not serve you if you wish to know animals. Love, humility and sympathy are the keys to their understanding. To this end I have written this book: to show, not why or what, but *how* animals really are.

There are no solutions offered to any mysteries nor new revelations made. You will find neither system nor scholar-

ship but simply what one man has seen here and there in the course of thirty-five years, set down without literary pretence or pose, documents of reality, just as are the photographs that reflect nature in its pages.

And at the end I trust that you will be left with the memory of individual life-histories, that you will find a unity in the apparent inconsequence and that about us both will circle the company of animals we have seen and known together.

Brothers of Life, great and small—the animals look at you!

PESSEK

Pessek was already full grown when she came from the wooded Sumatran mountains to Berlin. That was in 1924. All the orang-outangs I had seen up to that time were small, undersized creatures; Pessek was a revelation.

With her head drawn between her shoulders, she lay crouched on the floor of the cage of the monkey house, and I am sure that most must have thought the dim room unoccupied, but in any case all who saw her were disappointed. I have even seen them wax furious at the motionless rigidity of the Orang-Outang. For instance, I once saw a soldier curse her heartily and beat his bayonet against the glass pane after he had failed to attract her attention. And two children expressed their disappointment at Pessek's aloofness from the things of this world in the words: "Oh, Mr. Man, you are an old monkey."

Every day, summer and winter alike, I used to meet an old lady artist before Pessek's cage. We never spoke to each other. Day after day she modelled a small clay figure; and I stood watching by her side. Pessek sometimes looked at her with narrow, tired eyes; then she would take up her blanket and wrap it about her, hidden from every gaze.

About eight o'clock, Liebetreu, the keeper, would bring Pessek her dish of food and place it silently in her cage. After a decent interval had elapsed Pessek would stretch out

THE HEAVY EYE-LIDS RISE SLOWLY: TWO EYES BURN BENEATH A HIGH FOREHEAD—THE ORANG IS LOOKING AT YOU

her long arm and take up the fruit—cherries, gooseberries and a banana—one by one in her large powerfully formed hands and, holding them reflectively before her as though to test their goodness, one by one place them in her mouth. Each cherry-stone and the banana-skin she replaced carefully into the dish.

One evening the Orang-Outang had found a thin piece of wire some two and a half inches long, and she straightened it and rubbed it in the cracks of the woodwork until she had made a kind of needle, as though to darn the holes in her blanket. But in the end she tried to pin together the curtains of her cage.

In the summer of 1925, when the new wing of the monkey house was ready, Pessek was moved to a larger and more airy cage, and became famous overnight. Artists came and drew her portrait; her picture was published in all the illustrated papers.

She could now, according to her mood, roam about the outer cage or stand in the warmth of the sun, and her love of sun and air and light was so great that even on winter days she would squat in the open on her wooden platform with her legs crossed beneath her, her left hand supporting her chin reflectively.

And so she would squat for hours, a motionless, living Buddha. Opposite, ducks were swimming in the pond, but it was not upon these that her gaze was fixed; nor was there sadness in her eyes, but rather an aloofness, a preoccupation with things far away beyond the ken of mankind. After perhaps a quarter of an hour had passed Pessek

would take her hand slowly from her chin and with her arms across her body place a hand on each shoulder so that the reddish-brown fur hung about her like drapery; and it was then that I would think of Montezuma, of some noble home-sick Indian warrior. Often when she raised her heavy lids, and fixed her small masterful eyes upon me, I would shrink back. I could almost feel her burning gaze.

When Pessek's monotony annoyed her visitors and they were rude to her, she would stand up and raise the shutter of the inner room, closing it behind her precisely and decisively.

At first I won her sympathy but slowly. One midday she made answer to my call for the first time, and coming forward to the bars of her cage, she reached me her hands. She took an orange from me and peeled the fruit with her mouth, and then politely returned me the peel and the pips.

A young lady passed, her arms filled with flowers. Pessek's glance fixed on their bright beauty with such longing that, moved by sudden sympathy, the lady tendered her a rose. Through the bars Pessek's hands closed slowly about the flower, and then squatting once more on her crossed legs up in her perch, she smelled the miracle of beauty.

And in the evening when again I passed her cage I found it lying wilted but still cherished in the folds of her blanket.

At times the Orang-Outang was as bright and happy as a child, especially on Saturdays when the keeper placed a bucket of water in her cage. Pessek would then wash and scrub her floor, her blanket, and last of all herself, tipping the contents of the bucket joyfully over her head.

Pessek again lived healthily through the next Berlin winter, and in May or June of 1926 she removed her quarters anew, this time to the recently built ape house.

Here she found a home full of every kind of distraction and with an especially long run-way. Here she would sit for hours in the hanging wooden hoop, or stretch out her left leg, push off firmly from the bars of the cage and swing contentedly.

Once I found her standing upright in the hoop, tremendously excited, and it was long before I could find the cause of her unrest.

Above in the craggy landscape a young mountain sheep was springing, and, as though enchanted, Pessek's gaze followed its distant movements. She whimpered and swung downward from the hoop until her hands touched the floor. A sudden spring and Pessek was hanging from the bars, her legs wide-stretched and gripping them with all twenty toes and fingers, so that she looked like some gigantic flattened bat. She uttered intent coaxing noises, and it seemed to me like the voice of a mother, filled with longing to fondle and to love the tiny distant figure.

That was the last experience we shared.

In the middle of summer, as though by the caprice of fate, the guest from Sumatra, whom every one had thought inured to our climate, fell victim to a hacking cough. Powerful sun-ray lamps were screwed to the roof of her cage, and the invalid lay covered with her blanket in the warm light, torn by the convulsions in her chest. Her head lay limply backwards, and from day to day her features

changed so dreadfully that even in my sleep I can still see the suffering in her eyes. She breathed gaspingly, her body was racked with terrible convulsions of coughing, her lungs rattled, and on August 21st, 1926, Pessek died.

DARLING BABY GUANACO!

I know of no animal on earth more delicious than a young guanaco.

The guanaco is the wild species of llama, and in contrast to that beast of burden is a slim long-legged aristocrat. And if the shaggy clumsiness of the llama is reminiscent of the camel, the guanaco in his delicate grace can only be compared with the gazelle.

I think the finest prospect among all the many beauties of the Stellingen Zoo is that which lies beyond the swinging bridge where stretches the spacious green meadow where the South American fauna are housed.

Rheas and bright-hued fowl tread delicately in search of titbits, and among them gleams the reddish fur of the young Guanacos, wildly leaping with delight in their young life or basking outstretched in the sun's warm rays. On the edge of the wood stands a large female Guanaco, watchful as only a mother can be, and near her, dreaming in tender beauty, her two new-born children.

One is suddenly thirsty and sucks tenaciously at the milky udder until the mother is exhausted. Serenely and simply she sinks to the ground, baffling her offspring utterly. He blinks in bewilderment for a moment and then imitates his

THERE IS NO ANIMAL ON EARTH MORE DELICIOUS THAN A YOUNG GUANACO. IT WALKS OVER THE CLEARING, CUNNING AND TIMID, AS IF BLOWN OF GLASS

mother's complicated movement, kneels forward, bends inwards the joints of the hind legs, and then rolls softly on his side, his long neck outstretched in the sweet-smelling grass.

The other baby Guanaco has scampered away and now he stands in the brightness of the sun, delicious and fragile, as though blown from glass the colour of cream, and covered from muzzle to hoof with crisp tiny curls. The pointed ears twitch restlessly and the baby velvet nose wrinkles as it sniffs, and from the end of his tall body wags an impudent pot-hook tail. The droll little creature springs upwards with all fours in the air, bucks in gracious bewilderment as might some little love-lorn faun, and stands again immobile. Only now it seems that three legs suffice, for one is tucked up beneath him. The sunlight plays about his body, the great dark flashing eyes shine; they know nothing of the sorrows of the world.

TIGER-BEAUTY

I

Overnight a canvas city had sprung from out the earth. On the previous day engineers, builders and carpenters had appeared on the scene with trucks and power plant and a train of heavy wagons. They had worked with practised hands through the night, hammering and digging systematically in the light of the great lamps. Twenty-four hours later the circus was playing to three houses a day.

Hundreds of strange animals live in this wandering microcosm and year in and year out they travel from one

city of Europe to the other. Elephants, jaguars, camels, lions and droves of horses are housed in wagon, cage and box.

One of the cages is inhabited by four heavy Siberian Tigers, full-grown specimens in their male prime. Everything about them is heavy, the broad head, paws, body and tail, and even the colour of their coats seems only to add to their great weight—deep black on dull white, and a glowing yellow that is nearly red. In their low cage they look like cattle, in contrast to the young Tigresses, smooth-haired Bengalis, housed in the cage beyond the polar bears. It is imperative to keep these Tiger-Cæsars out of scent of the Tigresses or they become incensed and utterly impossible to control at the performance. At whatever time of day I stand before their cage, it is always the same spectacle. Morning or evening the four heavy enormous brutes pad one behind the other their slow circle—along the bars, a turn to the right up to the back wall, along this and another turn to the right—an eternal circle one behind the other.

Never have I heard a sound from their throats. Silently, one behind the other, they tread the circle of their cage, the circle of their life.

It may be that one of them in his restless pacing is deep in meditation and murmurs softly—"Om mani padme hum."

II

To My Wife

Once I dreamt.

We were going through the primitive forest, you and I. The way led over hill and vale and slender trees thrust upwards in dense masses and deep ravines crossed our path.

A LARGE FEMALE GUANACO STANDS WATCHFUL AS ONLY A MOTHER CAN BE, AND NEAR HER, DREAMING IN TENDER BEAUTY—HER CHILD

A flaming sun flung spears of light through the foliage, painting deep stripes of colour in the grass, stripes of red and white and brown and yellow.

And in my dream I felt happy that I could dream in these bright colours, and I saw tigers stealing this way and that way in the denseness of the forest, their slim striped flanks radiant with colour.

They gave forth no sound and everything had become light and colour, gleaming in unearthly brilliance.

Quite still and slowly I pursued my way, and I saw that a yellow Lioness followed in my track.

III

A young Bengal Tigress has arrived in the Zoo. When she lies outstretched and quite still she might be the aëry creature of a dream, so fragile she seems, but when she paces her cage you can see the subtle play of muscle. Her tread is lissom, elastic and very coquettish, and I have never seen her make an abrupt or ugly movement.

When meat is given her she never throws herself roaring and ravenous upon it as do the others but draws it towards her through the bars with a flick of the paw like the movement of a dancer. To her right and left, separated by log walls, are two full-grown male Tigers.

During feeding-time the "Bengali" springs continuously across the diagonal of his cage, and throws himself with tremendous bounds against the iron bars. He roars frantically as he crushes the beef-ribs, and rumbles over his prey like a mighty volcano.

In contrast the "Island" Tiger lies heavily flattened to the ground. Nowhere about him is there a smooth line; he has the appearance of some cubist creation. His white mane stands up stiffened with greed like the spines of a hedgehog. He growls and snarls at the keeper and watches with gleaming eyes the coming of the meat-laden trolley. He pulls in his share with a short heavy crash of the paw that would fell a buffalo. He is powerful and expert. The bones have already begun to crack.

The Island Tiger was placed with the slim Bengal beauty. She worried herself very little about him, and continued to pace her cage or lie with outstretched forepaws on the cross-beam above and looked dreamily with her pale grey eyes far away beyond the lake.

One evening the beast in her awakened. She lay in the inner cage, her hunger satisfied early, and played harmlessly and mildly with the remainder of her meat.

The keeper opened the connecting door of the Island Tiger's cage and with one sudden leap that cleared in a flash the three separating yards, the colossus hurled himself upon her meat. The Tigress reared like some swift snake from her gentle pose and the two beasts stood upright on their hindlegs, breast to breast, eyes flashing, lunging with smashes of the paw that would draw sparks from steel. The small delicate head of the Tigress spat fire at the square skull of the monster and her white beard bristled with rage.

The enormous Island Tiger flinched under the sudden

hail of vicious claws and fled back to his corner with piteous yells. And the Tigress smoothed the white patch on her breast with soft gracious paws, glided to the outer cage and rose through the air like a wind-driven drift of cloud back to her beam.

She lay there motionless like some eastern sphinx until twilight and gazed with pale faëry eyes far beyond the cranes and mandarin ducks into the far distance of her dreamland.

THE WAR OF THE PELICANS

The keeper scatters a heap of small dead fish on the shore of the semicircular lake whose waters girdle a miniature crag, and goes his way.

Seven Pelicans are perched on the crag, pink, white, pale yellow and greeny black; birds of extraordinary weight and extraordinary cleanliness. I have seen how one will stand at its toilet for hours on end, dipping its beak in the water and brushing, combing and cleaning each individual feather of its wings.

They are crouched motionless on their rock with their backs to the lake, looking at the heap of dead fish below. Their long necks seem only designed as a pad for their breasts and a prop for the enormous beaks.

They seem to be in no hurry; the fish does not tempt them. Not a single intake of breath flutters the yellow breast-feathers of the "pink" Pelican, but the hornbilled Pelican stretches out its left wing and spreads it like a flap-

ping sail. It plops into the water, shivers awhile, and frozen once more into immobility, floats away like some curious lotus-blossom. No ripple on the water's surface betrays its passage but the light crest of down flutters and trembles.

Three Storks are housed with the Pelicans, two of the usual white variety and a black one from the Nile. The black Stork is perched up in the branches of the tree while the other two trip excitedly backwards and forwards on the level beach to the right of the heap of fish. Why? I ask myself and I wait. Then all is clear as daylight. The Storks are lusting after the fish but are afraid of the Pelicans. No sooner does one approach with tentative, timid steps within striking distance than the Pelicans thrust forward their breast-pads, doubling their length with their outstretched bills, and build a hedge of sharp spear-points over their food.

The two white Storks soon grow weary. They dance a little, flap their wings and squawk and watch their black brother attempt a flank attack from the tree above. But the grey Dwarf Pelican hops down from the rock and stations himself on the level beach at right angles to the crag. Spear-points now menace the Storks from two sides and the pouches droop from the Pelican's bills like grotesque shrimping nets. The black Stork stands on one indecisive leg, the other tucked up beneath him.

The little Pelican becomes suddenly animate and pokes his bill into the pile of fish and hooks out the largest and fattest he can find. With a convulsive effort he swallows the plump fish but a second later it lies gleaming on the shore. The defensive lunge of neck and bill at the approach-

ing Stork has jerked the too-large morsel back to earth and light of day.

This process of frustrated ingurgitation was repeated at least four times in the half-hour I watched them. The Pelican at last seems to realize the ridiculousness of the situation, and, thrusting his head far back to his tail-feathers, he waggles the tips of his open beak in wild defiance at the heavens. The other Pelicans now seem to have sharpened their appetites, and dipping their bills slowly and ceremoniously into the heap, each fishes out his portion, but remaining all the while on strict guard and lunging menacing lances at any approach of the Storks.

Poor Tantalus stood and swallowed in envious sympathy whenever a fish disappeared and his beak opened in harmony with each Pelican's beak. But the black Stork had no tangible ground for his gulping, nor had his two white brothers.

Which, I suppose, was the reason why the keeper had left them their own heap of fish in their own corner of the cage.

FALLOW LYNX

Three Lynxes came from the Canadian forest to the city of Berlin. These large bearded bushy-tailed creatures are so shy that their enclosures can only be approached on tiptoe, or they disappear swiftly into the darkness of their holes.

Once I surprised the largest and strongest of them as he slunk down from his rocky nest and seized the rabbit that

had been thrown to him. Slowly he pushed forward his fat legs. The flattened canine body and the ridiculous stump tail appeared and his fangs snapped into the rabbit, and with one spring he was back in his lair, tearing silently at his prey. Meanwhile the other Lynx pushed out his round cruel soulless face from the sleeping box, a reddish fallow creature, aloof and distant, like some incredible being from another world.

THE LEOPARD CHINEE

There is a Leopardess in Hagenbeck Zoo who is called the "Chinee" by the keepers.

By some mischance her skull had been injured and one eye lies askew in her head. It was while watching the "Chinee" that I first observed the methods employed by the leopard mother to rear her offspring. At first to my limited comprehension she seemed in some strange convulsion, as suddenly she sprang three times vertically into the air without any resort to the climbing tree.

Swiftly as a snake she glided towards the wall, leapt at it with one tremendous spring, and with an indescribable effort of muscular energy landed on a cross-beam two yards away further left, that is, the animal actually described a full circle in the air, and this all the while uttering strange long-drawn-out purrs and cries.

But I only understood her intention when she took her cub in her mouth and sprang again and again with her living burden high in the air. She was inducing her child

to play, and enticing him through play to physical culture. And the very next day I saw how the youngster snapped at her tail, and flattened himself out and crawled behind his mother—a potential beast of prey. And I saw him rear his little body up against a tree-trunk, and with a squeak of a snarl begin to whet his tiny claws.

A DAY WITH THE ORANG-OUTANG CHILDREN

It was my first visit to Alfeld to stay with Hermann Ruhe, the animal importer.

Animals of every kind are housed in the red-brick stables which stud the fields and meadows. For instance, there is a room, which might be described as unfurnished, were it not for the birch tree which stands in its centre. In it nest hundreds and hundreds of singing birds, all destined for export.

If you open another door, you find yourself in darkness, and something soft brushes past your leg. When the keeper switches on the electric light you start back in terror, for the soft something is nothing more nor less than a full-grown tame cheetah, who purrs and rubs his round head against your knee.

On the second day the chief gave me a key and pointed to a door in the first story. He smiled at me and said: "I think you should pass a good morning in there," and as a fact it was late in the evening when I reluctantly left the room to catch the night train.

In this room I spent a whole day quite alone with

four little Orang-Outang youngsters. Unhampered by bars or cage, they lived there in full freedom, with roomy sleeping-boxes and every opportunity to climb about and play.

One of them was a short-haired pot-bellied fellow, asthmatic, with a bald head and filled with impudent curiosity that made him search all my pockets; a little female, tender, affectionate and good-humoured; a third one, shy, envious, and not entirely free from malice, and finally a fourth who whined and snivelled continuously and who lay in his box shivering pitifully in spite of the central heating. For a time I stood on the threshold, dumb with astonishment and bewildered with joy, and then I sat on the box in the middle of the room and did not stir. Slowly two of them, the fat fellow and the jolly little female, came towards me, no longer able to resist their curiosity. They were no larger than two-year-old human babies, and when they stood upright they could clamber up me as I sat; and this they proceeded to do with no little energy.

I did not move but began to speak to them softly and soon we were good friends. My watch became a cosmic riddle and my piece of sugar, manna from the skies, and soon the little female began to tell me a complicated story in a series of strange grunts.

Suddenly from behind a long arm was flung about me: the third youngster, who up till now had resisted all my allurements, had hopped up unnoticed and nipped my ear. It hurt, but we learned to understand one another, and soon we lay all of us close entangled in the straw.

AN ORANG CHILD

The fat fellow began vainly to show me all his tricks and did exhibition gymnastics on the bars. The little female followed him and gripped his leg, screaming when he eluded her, and so increased the pace that finally the fat fellow was winded. He let out a piteous scream, hung for a couple of seconds from a branch and then dropped from a height of six feet into the pile of straw plump at my feet.

He squatted there like some exotic idol, and gazed morose and bewildered at his fat pot-belly.

This evidently touched his playmate, for she came towards him on all fours and sat beside him and searched his fur for lice.

In the meantime I looked at the crying child; he would not let himself be stroked but bit viciously at my finger. At midday the Singhalese brought milk and rice pudding, and I gave the invalid the bottle and begged a hot-water comforter for him.

The three jolly companions ranged themselves on my right and peeped to see what I was about. I told them, but they did not seem to understand and pulled at my legs for me to play with them again. The fat fellow was the most impudent and insistent, so I gave him a slap which sent him howling to his box. Now my hands were free, and finally my ministrations had their effect—the sick Orang stopped crying.

When I returned to the other three they had hidden themselves as though offended at my neglect, but really rejoicing at my frantic efforts to find them.

And in the evening when I opened the door to go they held me back; and the fat chap slipped out along the corridor, and it was a long time before we were able to catch him again.

The Singhalese took the youngster in his arms, and as I turned again at the foot of the steps I saw that the little Orang had clasped his hands behind his head, bent back his body, and was crying piteously.

THE MOURNING ELEPHANT

Easter Sunday, 1925

One of the two young Elephants which had arrived the year before from Africa died in the Berlin Zoo on Good Friday.

The surviving brother had had to leave the large wide stall, and stood now where they both had been originally. But now it was quite different; he could no longer lean affectionately against his brother and feel curiously with the tip of his trunk through the iron bars. Shy and depressed, he leaned against the whitewashed wall, with his trunk rolled backwards over his forehead; and I thought of the previous May Day, when the keeper first let me through the barriers and pushed thin slices of bread into my hands to feed them with.

It was a strange feeling when warm, damp air streamed from their trunks on to my fingers as they gently took the bread from me, but I soon got used to it and I fondled them and before every feeding made them raise up their

A BABY ORANG

trunks in salute to the forehead, where the two great ears met and seemed to make a parting.

Often I placed the bread into their mouths, and then like human children they began to smack their lips and suck my fingers.

The lively temperament of the two Africans showed itself in summer to good advantage in their wide enclosure in the open air. They galloped wildly, clumsily, and yet somehow deftly over the sandy ground, dribbling a wooden ball before them and lashing one another with the bushy twigs which they had torn from the trees with their trunks.

From behind they looked like forlorn village children in the Sunday pants of a corpulent parent, so loosely hung the slack folds of flesh.

Now one of them stands alone against the wall and rolls back his trunk up to the forehead; and if that in an elephant is gesture of mourning and regret, it is a very noble gesture.

THE PIKE AND THE EEL

The Pike floats motionless in the reeds. A slight tremor passes through the water. The back wall of the aquarium is painted pale green and the marvellous living torpedo with the malicious, coldly goggling eyes floats easily in this pale flood of colour. An Eel winds upwards from the bottom. It touches against the Pike and a shudder passes through its body. The Pike flees in a silent, sudden curve and, hanging vertically before my eyes, gapes its enormous jaws, a fearsome cavity from which there is no hope of

escape. It gapes in dreadful contrast to the beautiful slimness of the tapering body.

Once I stood a long time before this glass tank. The Pike hung as though suspended by invisible strings, its brown tinted and yellowy-white speckled body fixed and rigid. Its prey, shoals of little fish, darted and twisted before his nose, and I waited to see if the dreadful jaws would snap. Half an hour passed, and it seemed as though it thrust out its underlip slowly and maliciously, but still it did not feed. The while the Eel wound and twisted through the air-bubbles in the corner and threw grotesque dancing shadows on the pale wall.

LEOPARDS IN LOVE

I

The Leopards have a tree in their cage and in the sparse horizontal branches the three of them pass their day.

They are all young and very graceful felines, supple in their movements and elegant in their springing. One lies outstretched along the branch while the other two squat right and left of her. They are guarding their partner in her sleep? Or maybe they are rival suitors for her favours. The one now seeks to climb over the sleeping figure. With extreme caution he walks along the slender branch; but his vis-à-vis watches him narrowly and his long drooping tail twitches.

Jealousy?

He turns and goes back to his place and squats there reflectively. A thought seems to strike him. Tenderly he begins to lick the back of the sleeping Leopardess and to comb her fur with his rough tongue. His efforts are successful. The beauty wakes, wriggles her body and turns, and soon their heads rub affectionately the one against the other.

But they have reckoned without the third Leopard. He growls and glides between them. The favoured suitor snarls and rears, his white fangs gleaming ominously. The young lady in the middle becomes nervous, and twice she smashes her forepaw heavily into the snarling visage of her erstwhile favourite.

Howling, he springs to the ground and crawls into the background. The other remains in the tree; he is the victor.

II

Leopards are ferocious in their passion. I observed two separate couples for several weeks. Their cages were side by side and in both the beginnings of courtship were the same. The females padded dancingly to and fro, head and tail erect, good-humoured and gleaming in the sun. The males crouched in their corners, their heavy heads sunken, weary and exhausted even in the early morning.

But naught is of avail against the will of woman. As they passed they brushed their supple bodies caressingly against their lovers, coming innocently from right and left as though unaware of their existence. And each time they flicked an inviting tail into their lowered faces.

So far the procedure of both couples had been alike, but only one of the Leopards took up the challenge. His whiskers bristled and a hot growl drove the Leopardess fearful against the iron bars. But the Leopard followed her and hung like some dark god of passion over her crouched body. His lips curled back and the great fangs showed white and dangerous, and his claws pressed masterfully against the head beneath him. Their bright-ringed tails circled excitedly and thrashed the ground, until the last snarl of love swelled from his throat and he drew back. The Leopardess rolled and twisted in ecstasy, and then with outstretched legs lay on her back, yawning with satisfaction, her white paunch gleaming in the sun, until filled with new desire the god wooed her again and delighted her with the burden of his bright spotted body.

But in the second cage the male showed not the slightest sign of activity. At least ten times the caressing tail tip had brushed over his nose and her fine small head pressed lovingly against his breast. She even sprang with shrewd judgment over his back—but all without avail.

Then the brightly coloured cat resorted to her last allurement. Like a snake she slid head and forepaws softly to the ground, her haunches upright before him, inviting and crowned with the vertical banner of her tail.

It succeeded. The Leopard fixed his fangs viciously in her neck, and growling, she felt the burden of his weight press upon her.

But at the end I saw clearly the reason for his reluctance. He tried very hard to spring clear but was not quick enough

to avoid a terrific slash of the paw from his love-crazed mistress. Hurt and insulted, he sat again in his corner and wrinkled his nose.

BABY BEARS

The two young Brown Bears are very comical when they try to climb their tree in the excitement of their game of tag.

Sometimes they stand on their hindlegs and push their little mendicant snouts through the bars just as their mother does, or they try to slip beneath her as she pads to and fro, and suck at her whilst she is moving.

Once in the heat of the chase they slipped on the wet gravel and slid, under their own power, as it were, into the bathing pool. Then there was shrieking and wailing until the mother, grown anxious, came and picked them out by the scruff of the neck like a couple of drowned rats. She grumbled and scolded as she performed her work of rescue.

But it is most beautiful of all when she sits proud and upright in the sun, and left and right suckles her children at her breasts.

PASSIONS IN THE MONKEY HOUSE

The Possessed

Twilight has fallen. The ragamuffin long-tailed monkeys are sleeping, and only in the cage of the Wanderoo a dark shadowy creature moves. What it can be I do not know, for the old, black, bearded ape sits leaning in his corner,

his good-humoured face framed in a silver gleam of beard. He opens his eyes and suddenly something drops from the roof and clambers over him. It is a replica of himself, but fragile and tiny. It is his son. The same silver frame of hair about the face makes the dwarfed creature doubly grotesque —like some vision of an old Egyptian idol.

Across the way the big apes move like ghosts behind the bars, pursuing aimless occupations and looking artfully and lewdly at the late visitors. The long-armed Abyssinian Baboon seldom shows himself. He sits on the round platform up above in his cage, upright as a man, his slim body tightly covered with yellow-green fur. And as though to justify his name of long-armed he lets all four dangle downwards, each nearly a yard long.

He is a strange animal, whose every feature is small and fine—head, jaws, nose, body, thighs, toes and hands. The hands seem almost to have independent life, and move black and hairless, as though electrified, in grotesque contrast to the fixed immobility of the remainder of his body. All ten fingers twist and turn and knot themselves as though possessed about some infinitely tiny object too small for human eyes to see. But the ape from under his lashed lids can see more than we; his bright pupils hold a look of excited attention. There are evidently problems in the life of the ape which drive away all thought of sleep from our Baboon.

Rage

The family of Atbara Baboons are housed, father, mother and child, in another cage. The young one has been weaned

THE GOOD-HUMOURED FACE OF THE WANDEROO IS LIKE A ROUND TROUGH FRAMED IN THE SILVER GLEAM OF HIS BEARD

from the breast and gnaws happily at turnips and bits of potato. The female slinks about aimlessly. She dare not touch the child; her husband has now taken his education in hand. The big Baboon is a mighty fellow with a powerfully arched skull, which sits awkwardly on his short thick body, his fangs gleam in his projecting snout, and leopards and lions alike fear their menace. The heavily overhung eyes follow the wild gambols of the youngster incessantly. He is no bigger than a rat and in some way resembles a tortoise, or an ugly senile dwarf with a long thin tail. The old Baboon barks and he clambers down the iron bars obediently, sits between his mentor's forelegs, and blinks lazily at the human beings beyond the cage.

One of them throws a lump of sugar through the bars. The young monkey darts from the shelter of his father's legs and slinks up to the white shining cube. His father bides his time, motionless but ready to spring. The mother, who up till now has been brooding modestly in the corner, seeks by a flank attack to snap away the titbit, but the old Baboon makes one shambling motion of the forearm and she flies with piteous shrieks back to her corner. The youngster is already sniffing the sugar and investigating its edible qualities.

The donor of the sugar outside the cage makes a foolish gesture as though to take back his gift. Immediately the old Baboon flies into a fury of the most primitive rage, drums a wild dance with both angry hands and flings himself outraged with the full weight of his body against the bars. Primitive rage swells from his throat, and the sharp mur-

derous fangs bare wrathfully, so that the homo sapiens blenches and jumps back in astonishment. But the young monkey, instinctively conscious of protection, worries not in the slightest about the passions he has roused, and licks happily at the sugar, destined no more to cause contention.

WOLVES

In the former Imperial Menagerie in Schönbrunn, near Vienna, lived a strange, lean Wolf.

He loped swiftly up and down his cage's length nor heeded the meat that lay in the corner. His tongue lolled from out his jaws. He gasped but seemed to have no time to pause for breath. He drummed out his path in quick rhythmic beats. Never did he cease to run like some grey spectre, an endless to and fro, mile upon mile. If he had only known how useless it all was.

The two Siberian Wolves in the Berlin Zoo know me well, and always come running to the bars when I approach their enclosure. And always they fight a silent duel to see which can reach me the quicker and raise its head the higher to make certain of my caressing, scratching fingers.

One day the dog Wolf did not rise. His gaze was dull, and when sugar was thrown to him he snarled. But scarcely were we alone together than he came limping towards me and pushed a swollen left paw through the bars for my inspection.

How can one ever thank an animal for such measure of trust and confidence?

GIRAFFES TRAVEL TO BERLIN

In the winter of 1925 Kreth, the hunter, with two white companions pushed southwestwards from the city of Adis Abeba into the Abyssinian wilderness. He lived there for one and a half years, among unknown negro tribes, in the dense forest and in the feverish steaming swamp-lands.

Then they navigated the Omo river as far as Lake Rudolf, touched the source of the Nile and arrived at the borders of the Uganda country. Twice he saw the famous whale-headed stork "Abu-Markub" about whom the Swedish explorer Bengt Berg has written a book. In this virgin country he built large corrals of thorn-bush and young trees, followed the spoor of the rhinoceros and watched the timid giraffe herds when they came to the edge of the forest at the close of day.

At last his patience was repaid. Kreth, an excellent horseman, rounded up two young Giraffes after he had first shot the most powerful bull in the herd.

With endless patience the two "small" beasts were reared in the camp until they were quite tame, and the long, long trek to the railway could begin. A mountain range of an altitude of more than six thousand feet had to be crossed. The Giraffes were led on the halter and proved themselves practised mountaineers. They arrived at the port of embarkation in perfect condition, took their berths on the deck

of the steamer, crossed the Mediterranean, and arrived in Germany still fit and well.

My acquaintance with the two Giraffes and their captor began in the quarantine stables of L. Ruhe, the animal dealer.

"How does one become a hunter?" I asked him.

He lit his pipe and his good-humoured light blue eyes twinkled in his sunburnt face. "Oh, that is simple enough," he said. "You must arrange to be born here in Alfeld. Every healthy boy in the town dreams one day of travelling in strange countries for Ruhe. Until I was eighteen I was a builder's apprentice, but then I managed to pull it off, and I have been travelling backwards and forwards now for more than thirty years. I have caught tigers in Sumatra, I have reared elephants in India, and I have hunted rhinoceroses, working the whole time for Ruhe, and now I have brought him 'Hans' and 'Anneliese.' You can go into their box, they are both quite tame."

At first they were shy and retreated before me, but I halted and did not stir, and spoke to them quite softly and continuously. The young female turned her head curiously and whisked her long tail, but just as she was about to risk a first step towards me, the young bull pushed himself protectingly in front of her.

"Good," I thought to myself, "I'll catch you yet," and, bending, I picked a handful of mimosa leaves and held the titbit temptingly in front of me, and surely enough it was but little time before both came graciously to my side and rubbed their soft muzzles against my hand. I tickled

their smooth necks and their large mild eyes gazed at me with astonishment.

Anneliese is a reticulated giraffe, slim and dainty. The light-brown, smooth, pointed spots of her coat are set close together, and the white background of her skin gleams sharply through them like trellis-work.

Hans, however, is a quite special kind of giraffe. "Why did I shoot the old bull that I found leading the herd I took this youngster from?" the hunter repeated as he passed a brush over the shining coat of his charge. "Go and have a look at the skull over in the office. It was one of the famous three-horned giraffes. A third horn sticks out of the end of the nose. There are sometimes very curious variations among the giraffe species. Even five-horned animals have been seen."

Ten days later I met the two Giraffes for the second time. In the meantime they had made a new journey, had been acquired by the Berlin Zoo, and put into the big antelope house.

The young bull, who in spite of his seven feet was still in a manner of speaking in short breeches, greedily snatched a wisp of hay from his companion's soft muzzle. She looked at him with reproachful eyes, but he leapt bucking through the enclosure and lashed out wildly hither and thither. And to lengthen his long neck he thrust his head straight up in the air.

Betty, the dark vineleaf-spotted Giraffe from Massailand, was very puzzled about it all. Since coming to Berlin she had lived quite alone in the enormous stall, and now, after

a year, half of it had suddenly been cut off from her use by a wooden hoarding. She marched to and fro with long angry steps but her feminine curiosity was something she could not quite overcome.

She approached the hoarding, placed her forefeet on one of the jutting cross-pieces, stretched herself upwards (on tiptoe one might say) and reached a hole in the fence some four yards above through which she could stretch her head. It is difficult to imagine how puzzled she must have been or what were her thoughts at the sight of the two small cousins on the other side.

She blinked across, sniffed heavily and then resumed her long pacing.

Perhaps she should eat a little? The bundle of hay behind there in the corner, the delicate twigs on the wall or the bran in the trough? But no! From the roof above her dangled a single wisp of hay. Snake-like her black tongue darted towards it and drew the thin strand expertly into her mouth. And so she banqueted, like some gourmand, reflectively chewing the imaginary delicacy.

A MOOR-ANTELOPE SEEKS ITS MOTHER

It is with rare pleasure that I look back on that spring day when the keeper in the antelope house told me of the birth of a young Moor-Antelope. Twice I had passed their enclosure without seeing anything more than the female in her bed of straw, but at last on the third day the young Antelope showed itself, or rather two large furry ears stuck

stiffly and without any apparent connection from out the yellow straw. Apart from this nothing at all. Even a week later the two ears were still the dominating features of the landscape, but soon I could see a tiny head, two round black eyes, and a tiny rabbit-like body.

The other animals were now allowed entrance to the confinement chamber, three females and a delicately striped buck. And as they all stood round the trough and chewed their bran the youngster rose unsteadily on his thin shaky legs and moved his uncertain joints whither it might please him. His long journeyings made him hungry and thirsty, but to his horror and amazement there stood about him many mothers, many large overshadowing creatures.

Clumsily his little muzzle pushed upwards between the flanks of the nearest Antelope. And the father was not a little surprised when later he felt the same attention directed towards himself. Angrily he lowered his horns for the attack, but he recognized his child and piloted him carefully past the other two does, back to the side of his real mother. Forgetful of her duty, she had stood at the trough chewing her bran during the whole tragi-comedy.

SLEEPING ELEPHANTS

It was two hours past midnight when we entered the circus building. "The elephant stall is down below, in the cellar. We must climb down a steep rampart," said the trainer, and he led us down the dark riding-track.

There is no such darkness in any house in the city. We are shrouded in blackness; a tangible gloom streams down

from the cupola as physical as the red velvet curtains that drape the entrance to the stables and as thick and impenetrable.

Our leader tells us to take his hand, to speak no word, and to walk on tiptoe. Otherwise it will be impossible to surprise the animals in their sleep. We obey; for who should know if not the trusty elephant trainer of the firm of Hagenbeck.

Now I can smell the sweet milk-odours of cattle. We are passing the zebus, the silver-grey bulls and the fat kaffir buffaloes. Their outlines loom out of the darkness phantom-like, for down below to their left, some five yards distant, there is a faint red gleam—the lantern in the elephant pit. We approach like figures from a slow-motion film, grotesquely and noiselessly, and suddenly we are standing at the head of the rampart which leads down into the depths.

I hold my breath and look down into the shaft, and for a moment of time I live and feel the miracle of all our timeless pre-history. The sixteen grey colossi lie formless in the deep straw. They lie in a wide circle, their columnar legs stretched outwards from their bodies. One young Elephant stands hemmed in by his neighbours. In their sleep they have swollen to such size that there is no space left for him to kneel to earth again. Carefully and softly so that he may not arouse the sleepers with his touch, his trunk feels to left and right about him. Everywhere there are bodies; without the use of force he can find no place to rest. The small peace-loving Elephant sinks his head a little, closes his eyes, and slumbers upright, his trunk sway-

ing lightly from leg to leg. After a few minutes one of his brothers on the left rolls aside and a rustle of the straw wakes the upright sleeper from his slumber. He blinks, arranges the straw with his forefeet and glides noiselessly to the earth. But there is not quite sufficient room; his back is half lying on the body of the other, who sleeps patiently under his burden and curls his trunk dreamily about his neighbour's tail. Their flanks heave regularly in the tempo of their breathing and the rhythm spreads right and left through the circle of the sleeping giants.

The Elephants are sleeping. Heavily and deeply. Sometimes they moan and their moans seem to have come from some far distance. Their bodies curve upwards in great arches and their curled trunks and great heads are half sunk in straw. Their closed eyes give a feeling as of children softly sleeping, veiled in dreams. Their sleep has something of sanctity about it and I am almost ashamed that we have spied upon them in their helplessness. I feel as though we are doing something evil, something unchaste.

As the thought comes to me the great Indian cow Elephant raises her head noiselessly from the straw. The shoulders are already raised with the trunk stretched out like a prop against the ground. A shiver ripples down the cylindrical body. The leader is on his feet, and sways his head in the ancient rhythm of the elephant race, and curls his trunk.

Baron von Redwitz, our leader, has crouched down, and beckons us with pantomimic gesture behind the long wall. There we are out of scent and sight. Now we can only see

the baby African Elephant, snoring peacefully, his head in the shadow of his over-large ears.

And again there is nothing but peaceful silence and the dark night.

THE TIGER WHO WANTED PETTING

It was not in any exhibition but in a business house which deals in animals that I learned to make friends with beasts of prey. I often stood for days in a small room some five yards square surrounded by their cages on every side.

For the first few hours it is better to stand without moving and to watch the animals in all their movements, and to listen to every sound they utter. Study carefully the build of their bodies and the shape of their heads. If you have entered the room without the preconceived notion that they are merely lions and tigers you soon learn to differentiate, and to know instinctively from which to expect friendship, and from which enmity.

Once after an hour of close observation I walked directly up to the cage of a full-grown Bengal Tiger, and spoke to him soft, whispered words, and coaxed him, although at my first step he had retreated with threatening snarls. Thus we stood for some minutes. I spoke to him without pause and stood without moving about four inches from his cage, and then he came forward and rubbed himself backwards and forwards against the bars as might a cat, with lowered head and uttering those tiger noises which are a cry of friendship—a mixture of the comfortable purr of the

Angora cat, the hiss of a snake, and the rattle of the crocodile.

As he passed me the second time I risked it, and pushed my hand between the bars and stroked his back. He pressed against it, turned, and—I freely admit my nervousness—I waited until his head in passing rubbed itself against my hand. The Tiger spat ceaselessly. He was visibly pleased to have my company.

With growing courage I tickled him and passed my hand along his neck under his chin. The great Tiger purred again and threw back his head so that the skin stretched tightly across his throat. I understood his meaning and scratched him there too. This was evidently to his liking, and then suddenly he reared on his hindlegs and pressed the white fur of his paunch close to the bars, and demanded nothing less than that I should comb his whole body with my fingers.

The proprietor of the business suddenly entered the room. I stepped back, ready to be reproached for my carelessness. But quite the contrary was the case. "You have started the right way. When trainers are looking for a suitable animal they shut themselves up with them alone. You can never fail to recognize an affectionate animal, even though, like this one, it has only been imported a few weeks ago."

YOUNG BLACK PANTHER

He was reared by a bitch who gave her quiet little stepson her every attention. His parents were housed in an op-

posite cage, where they quarrelled the day long, their green eyes darting sex hatred.

In the first days the little Panther resembled nothing so much as a grey woollen ball, but soon the spots of the true Panther could be seen on his coat, to change again later into shining black.

After a few weeks the straw bed became too cramped and confined for him, and he went on long voyages of discovery and began to play jolly games such as catching the nurse, hiding behind the tree, or tipping over the milk-bowl.

When the soft black body crouched for a spring, you had an odd but distinct impression of a dangerous beast of prey. And yet at this time he was not half so big as an ordinary domestic cat.

Sometimes his canine nurse would get a slash in the face and then would angrily "refuse to play." Then little "Mohrchen" would play by himself, which was best of all perhaps, but more complicated.

For instance, you hang with all fours on the foot of the tree-trunk, leap, fall often on your back, and then at last you are up. Now you lie on your paunch across a branch, and try to snap at the long black something that is always moving and twitching about below you. Of course, in doing this you lose your balance lots of times, and do a real back somersault. (What a subject for a slow motion film!) And when, after endless and patient striving, you have at last seized the thing with your paws, you bite it through with your teeth; but that is a joke that only lasts a few seconds.

The Panther baby snarls and howls and does not realize that he has bitten his own tail.

All this was in February. When autumn came the frolicsome kitten had become a beast of prey. The canine nurse had had to leave the cage. Had she remained there it would probably have proved rather dangerous for her.

THE MARABOU

I

The two long-beaked storks, the Marabou and the Wood Ibis, are neighbours. Both are greedy beyond all measure, but the little Wood Ibis is quicker than the ugly bird with the pendent crop.

By no law of æsthetics can the Marabou be deemed beautiful. His crop hangs down like a blood-red rubber bag, his skull is bald, harsh, and sprinkled irregularly with sparse woolly down.

But if you watch him long enough you will find that he is interesting, and sometimes you may have the good fortune to see him practise his mimetic studies. He stands motionless on his long legs, his long wings tightly folded, neck drawn in, and the swelling on his back drooping on both sides over his plumage.

Suddenly he raises a lid and a cold glassy eye transfixes you. This is really uncanny.

In the meantime the Wood Ibis has espied from his high perch a fish lying in the Marabou's enclosure, so near to the edge of his own abode that he can angle it out with a little

expert use of the beak. His beautifully coloured wings flap and he walks guilelessly up and down his enclosure, and then with a sudden turn to the left his beak darts through the meshes of the wire fence. He thrusts and strains and finally seizes the fish, while the poor mimic still poses, lost in self-delight.

II

In the big cage of the Dresden Zoo there is an Indian Marabou, known as the Adjutant, who lives there with the eagles, vultures, and rhinoceros birds. He is a confirmed carrion eater and quarrels over it with the vultures. In spite of his massive body, his mighty wings can carry him to the topmost spurs of the rocks, and he sits there now with his enormous dagger-like beak, in weird silhouette against the heavens, and eyes the keeper as he brings the food. The door of the cage opens and the body of a wild pig is flung inside, to disappear immediately under whirring wing-beats of the lamb-vultures, golden eagles, goshawks, kites and owls, hornbills and king vultures.

But all of them, from the imperial eagle to the carrion crow, are terrorized by the Marabou, who promenades majestically past the scuffling, shrieking flock without apparently the slightest desire for food; but as soon as any one of them has ripped away a goodly portion the Adjutant hops forward, beats his great wings, and quite coolly snatches it from the other's beak.

In an almost unbelievably short space of time they have devoured their prey, and only a polished heap of the ribs

A COLD GLASSY EYE TRANSFIXES YOU. THE BILL OF THE MARABOU OPENS

and bones lies on the ground. Slowly they flap back to their perches and sit there, all of them, from the magnificent eagles to the shrewd-headed vultures. Only the great Marabou still hops searching on the ground. Always he seems able to find some last shred of sinew to rip from the wild pig's skull.

THE FIRST GIANT ORANG-OUTANG

This experience in the autumn of 1926 was so tremendous that I can only give the barest of accounts. It was in Alfeld; we passed down the long line of stalls in which stood zebras, eland-antelopes, gnus, and kaffir buffaloes. Then came an iron door with a spy-hole, behind which hung a thermometer. In this anteroom, a continuation of the long alley-way down which we had passed, there were sixty-eight degrees of heat. To the left was a glass sliding door with a ventilator outside. Here hung a second thermometer which registered seventy-five degrees. Siegfried, the head keeper, opened it, and before I could read the third thermometer that hung in the centre of the room, I shrank back in alarm.

Behind heavy iron bars stood a rust-brown colossus, as big as a man, and in spite of the shock of hair that hung from his gigantic arms, something that might almost be a man—the Orang-Outang. He had been sitting in a tree on the mountain slopes of Sumatra when the hunters espied him. For decades no full-grown male orang had been seen in Europe, and the hunters, spurred by a natural vanity, resolved firmly to trap him at all costs. Every near-lying tree was felled, great nets were spread about, the axe was

laid to his aëry nest, and shortly afterwards the undamaged animal was given a berth on a Europe-bound liner.

Jakob, as he was christened by the sailors, is approximately forty years of age, and measures sixty-three inches from head to foot. The span of his arms from finger-tip to finger-tip is about three yards. It will easily be understood how such proportions affect the unsuspecting visitor, especially in a room whose temperature is eighty-two degrees and in an atmosphere as moist and steaming as a tropical jungle. Great blobs of water splashed heavily on the ground, thick fleshy leaves and creepers hung in great festoons from the roof. They were sprinkled automatically and exuded in addition their own moisture. The steam heat was turned full on but even that was not sufficient to provide an atmosphere necessary for the ape-man. The planks on the floor covered a great basin, used at other times by the hippopotami, and now filled with steaming water. The fourth thermometer registered one hundred degrees Fahrenheit.

For nearly five hours I stood in front of the cage and watched the Orang until the light failed. There was no comparison possible between Pessek and this monster; the female Orang never attains the size or girth of the old males. At midday, at which hour Jacob had grown accustomed to be fed during the voyage, he came close to the bars, stretched his long arms upwards, and opened his jaws. Enormous yellow-brown incisors revealed themselves, and I was able to place the warmed grapes and bananas on his tongue without any danger. He chewed the sweet fruit with the appreciation of a connoisseur, showing

THE GREAT CHEEK JOWLS, A GLEAMING BLUE-BLACK FRAME ABOUT ITS FEATURES, ARE A CHARACTERISTIC OF THIS FULL-GROWN APE-MAN

neither greed nor haste and the small close-set eyes watched the peeling of his next banana attentively.

The great cheek jowls which frame his features in a blue-black gleam are a characteristic of the full-grown ape-man. While the face is dark and almost hairless, a gleaming rust-red shock of hair crowns the skull, and a thick beard springs from under the chin, only partly hiding the mighty throat pouch that hangs in deep folds down the body. With one grip of the hand he can crush an inch-thick plank. On the arms and shoulders there are thick bands of muscle; there is scarcely any sign of neck, so that the head is set low and appears relatively small between the enormous shoulders. The mass of red-brown hair on the body hides its proportions and increases the impression of bulkiness. The woolly hair hangs in long fringes about the body.

Jakob's principal occupation was fly-catching; he slapped them with the back of his hand as does a peasant the pack when playing cards. Then the fearsome animal grunted and climbed up the rope towards the roof. Half-way up the cage he walked on all fours reflectively along the oak-beam, and then stood upright on the right leg, with the left stretched outwards nearly at right angles to the body. With jutting beard and both hands pressed behind his head the "man-of-the-woods" peeped through a crack of his cage into the open. Outside zebras were neighing, but he could not see them. Disappointed, the giant climbed back to earth and went on all fours into his sleeping-box, but turned suddenly about and tore furiously screaming at the bars,

threw himself on his back in a convulsion of rage, and then went to sleep. Viewed from behind, his body resembled that of an antediluvian cave-bear.

One would have to go back a very long time to find anything to compare with this magnificent Orang. Old animal lovers remember two similar monster ape-men in von Pinkert's private zoo in Leipzig forty years ago, but they were but sickly, shy and terribly vicious animals that could scarcely be unloaded from their transport boxes, and they died shortly afterwards in the Paris Jardin des Plantes. There have also been full-grown male orangs in Hamburg, Berlin and Amsterdam, but these all fell sick during transportation. There has been no similar specimen exhibited in Europe during the last thirty years.

Zoological science owes a debt of gratitude to the firm of Ruhe for their successful importation of this magnificently healthy and good-humoured Orang-Outang.

THE CROCODILE SNAPS HIS JAWS

Glass walls surround the enormous room. Banana and rubber trees sway gently in the hot, oppressive air. A bamboo bridge spans the river, on whose sandy banks sleep the armoured lizards: the broad-headed Alligator, the spectacled Cayman and a Nile Crocodile.

A couple of rabbits are put in the crocodile pit. Nothing warns them of their danger. One of them hops merrily on the Alligator's snout, and climbs his length of lazy head.

A RUST BROWN COLOSSUS, AS BIG AS A MAN, AND IN SPITE OF THE SHOCK OF HAIR THAT HANGS FROM HIS GIGANTIC ARMS, SOMETHING THAT MIGHT ALMOST BE A MAN—THE ORANG-OUTANG

But this is too much even for the patience of a crocodile —the sleeper awakes, pushes off backwards into the water and swims slowly to mid-stream. As long as the Alligator's back is above water the rabbit sits quietly on his floating island, but as space becomes more and more confined he swims for the shore. There he is awaited by a medium-sized Egyptian Crocodile, whose mighty jaws open wide, snap, and the rabbit disappears.

No time even for the death shriek!

The Crocodile has neither tongue nor saliva glands, and must take to the water in order to swallow its food.

The Nile Crocodile irrigates his jaws and prey with a shake of the head, and what but thirty seconds before was happily and merrily alive is now disappearing down his throat.

Sympathy is a virtue unknown in nature.

THE HOME-SICK JAGUAR

Winter, 1924

The stranger from Colombia was quartered in an isolated cage against the back wall of the carnivora house. He sat shyly the whole day long in the dark cage, crouching in its furthest corner. As often as I passed, always his large black-green eyes stared fixedly at the earth. He gave no attention to the wooden ball that should have lured him to play, nor did I ever see him up above on the tree-trunk that crossed his cage at middle height. The majority of visitors must have thought the cage unoccupied.

In the evening when the meat-trolley rattled down the alley-way between the cages, the lions and tigers sprang roaring and growling along the bars of their cages, and clawed their rations greedily from the keeper's fork, and as each animal was fed the public pressed and crowded before its cage.

None except myself ever saw that the shy Jaguar also came forward from out the gloom of his corner, and stood, ready for immediate retreat, expectant behind his bars. He squatted there like a dog, and his gleaming eyes bored deep into the backs of the people who, because they were watching the lion, had not remarked him now.

He heard the rattle of the iron fork against the bars of other cages, thinking, no doubt: Now they must come to me, but the trolley rattled away round the half-circle of cages, and the public followed it. I stood alone watching the great Jaguar, and still he squatted after the fashion of a dog. Feeding time was over, and all the visitors were gone.

One solitary piece of meat lay on the trolley, and this was now given to my friend from the dense forests of South America. Tired with long waiting, he took it from the fork and carried it back with him to his dim corner.

This Jaguar is a large and beautiful animal. When he is transferred in the summer to the outside cage the visitors are certain to admire his graceful strength. The spots of his coat gleam black on a golden ground, his paunch and breast shine white as newly fallen snow. Sometimes he lies

on his back with closed eyes, with all four legs stretched stiffly in the air. Like this he looks as though lifeless.

There is something tragic about him—imprisonment, strangeness, loneliness. Perhaps it is nostalgia or perhaps he yearns for a playmate of his own kind.

THE BIG ORANG-OUTANG FINDS A HOME

October, 1926

The zoologists soon learned of the big male Orang which was captured on July 20th, 1926, in the dense forests of the province Achin in eastern Sumatra. A few days after his arrival Ruhe received an offer from the Zoological Garden in Moscow. This presented a problem.

How could this exotic creature fare through snow and mist to far-off Russia? Inquiries were made in the offices of the Lufthansa Company, but they had no airplane with doors sufficiently wide to admit the transport cage; and with halts at the intermediate landing stages the flight would occupy at least two days. Transport by rail was out of the question; that meant fourteen days in a badly heated freight car.

Then Professor Brandes, the eminent Dresden zoologist, arrived post-haste in Alfeld, and with instant enthusiasm decided on immediate purchase. And I visited Goliath, as the Orang was now called, a few days after his arrival in his new home.

He had been placed in the tropic house of the Dresden Zoo, and his cage was raised on strong posts some five feet

from the ground, opposite the great basin where the hippopotami splashed happily in the water. Strong iron bars set close together enclosed more than 2000 cubic feet of space in a perfect cube. A dozen strong tree branches criss-crossed the bottom of the cage, and other branches grew upwards out of them, giving the impression of some gigantic nest in the trees; an ideal home for an orang-outang, who is a confirmed tree dweller, and a revolutionary inspiration on the part of Professor Brandes.

For the first weeks of his home-coming Goliath sat curious behind the bars of his cage, and stared at the strange skin-clad creatures who walk upright and conduct intelligible conversations in loud tones, but they soon bored him. These creatures were earthbound, and none ever sprang up the bars or swung on the roof beams, or scratched himself. Goliath had no time to waste on the visitors to the Dresden Zoo, but he still retained some interest for the keeper, who came at regular intervals with fruit, rice pudding and stewed apples. When he came the Orang crouched like a tree monkey forward at the bars, that is, with the toes of one foot he gripped one of the high cross-beams, rested both arms on the wooden block in the cage bottom, and let his face hang forward at a convenient height, pushing forward his lips to form a kind of trunk-like snout.

No sooner had he eaten than he spread out his enormous arms and swung himself backwards and upwards to the highest branch in his cage; for there was a riddle that the Orang could not solve—a smooth white plastered wall.

Goliath was already used to the impenetrable row of

tough liana which even his mighty strength could not bend apart, and which were in reality the iron bars of his cage, but the significance of the white wall he had never been able to discover. Hours on end he sat and watched it. Delicately he would push out a finger from his clenched fist and stroke the white smooth thing, not once or twice but a hundred times. He would scratch it backwards and forwards, and find his black thumb-nail covered with fine white powder. Never was there any change to be noticed in the wall itself, it had neither taste nor smell—it was an eternal riddle.

One day in the hippopotamus house we played a record on the phonograph. Goliath sat high above against his white wall, and jumped furiously, as though stung by a tarantula. He began to search, he swung from one corner of the cage to the other, plunged through the tree branches, regarded the hippopotami accusingly, looked at the roof, but nowhere could he find the origin of this strange noise. Perhaps outside there, he thought, and he looked out of the window. But neither could he find anything there. The phonograph he overlooked completely. For him a small black box as cause of all that powerful noise was utterly out of the question.

An experiment with a mirror:—Goliath swung his head downwards to the tin bowl of warm tea and lapped it with enjoyment. So must he have drunk in his native forest, hanging from the lowest branch of his tree to the rain-

pools on the ground. As he drank Brandes pushed a large mirror underneath the bars of the cage and Goliath saw himself, a brown hairy monkey. His eyes shone with excitement and he forgot to drink, gazing at his reflection. Even when he touched it, it did not disappear.

Troschke, the old keeper, brought in a tame leopard, and now the Orang became excited. He knew leopards of old, and what danger they boded for his children. He sprang aloft and hurried backwards to the wall, raised himself to full height, spread out his arms, and expanded his mighty chest. His beard bristled, and enormous fangs revealed themselves. He seemed to say: Now, Leopard, I am ready for you.

On the day of this visit I had the most tremendous experience I have ever had among all the animals I know. I heard the song of the ape-man. I had to wait many hours, but at last as the darkness set in, and shortly before Goliath retired to his sleeping chamber, it came to pass. The Orang was sitting against his plaster wall, and in the dim light his red fur showed up black against its grey. The hippopotami were already asleep, all was quiet, and we did not stir.

Then suddenly we heard: Aw—Aw—Aw, soft and dull but very quick, like the pulsing of a motor. For ten seconds it came beating without pause from his throat, and was then broken by a sighing, sobbing intake of breath, and then swelled out again, this time an octave higher, and in a strong crescendo. Again a sigh and the Aw—Aw—Aw

burst forth again, on a higher note than ever. The cry beat painfully against my ear-drums, and I saw how swollen was the Orang's throat pouch; and now mingled with the singing came a thunderous nerve-racking long-drawn-out H-u-u-u-u-h. The mighty song resounded in powerful alternations, Aw—Aw—Aw—H-u-u-uh, as tremendous as the lions' roar. It was the song of primitive life, the thunderous speech of nature.

The crescendo rang out for at least eighty seconds, then ebbed away into a quiet murmur as of prayer. The "Mias Chappan" sat motionless. We had heard the hymn of the forest-men that greets the rising and the setting of the sun in the mountains of Sumatra.

A NATURE FILM

There are tiny creatures in the glass case whose magic is more tremendous in effect than all the length of the crocodile. Thin grey-brown twigs hang between the beech leaves, branching and withered, but suddenly they move and at the tip of the "twig" a tiny eye gleams darkly. The slender twig is a Walking-Stick insect, that queer form of life which in eternal virginity reproduces only females. At its side fat Indian Silkworms are feeding and weaving webs of silken thread from leaf to leaf, webs that serve as hammock and tomb. Next spring the chrysalis will burst and the butterfly will spread its magic of gleaming wing, a miracle of colour and splendour.

But as often as I stand before this glass case and watch

the small living things it holds in all their changes, always I realize that only one thing can compass all its mysteries and magnificence—the film.

This is what I see:

A Praying Mantis, a European insect about two and a half inches long, fills the whole space of the screen, magnified a hundredfold. Motionless, with the head stretched upwards and queer prehensile claws uplifted, it watches a fly. It follows its victim with cold precision, the claws strike and fold three times on their hinges back to the maw like a folding rule.

Now the great screen is filled with the creature's head alone—an eerie, triangular phantom with a greedy maw and uncanny eyes, large, evil and gleaming. A strange being from some distant planet, a fantasy from the mind of H. G. Wells or Alfred Kubin.

Another film I would make would show the larva of the Dragonfly, revealing the trap-mouth. A grotesque round head tremendously magnified, crowned with two antennæ, like a Javanese devil-mask. Eyes like saucers, trunk-shaped and fearsome. But scarcely does a small beetle appear on the screen than two flat rubbery hands protrude from the phantom visage and tube-like arms push forward. Sharp-toothed hooks jut from the saucer eyes and an instrument like a fly-swatter makes robot movements. It is the under-lip of the Dragonfly larva, transformed into a predatory arm.

A Chameleon sits on a slender twig—an exotic lizard with a spined back—sits in wait for a grasshopper. It does not

have to approach its prey; its enormously long tongue darts out like a lasso and pulls it back into the jaws like lightning.

For what other reason than this was the slow-motion film discovered? All these things can be shown us with uncanny slowness of movement, and if still we are not satisfied there is yet to be screened, magnified a thousandfold, that Lizard whose eyes rise up like towers from the head and like periscopes range in every direction in their greed of vision.

THE CHEETAH REJOICES

I saw in the garden of the private house where I was staying a small wooden pavilion, before which lay a level stretch of sand surrounded by a high wire fence. The aviary, I thought, but my host laughed and said: "Go there in the early morning when the sun is shining; you will amuse yourself."

It had rained in the night, and as I approached it the enclosure was still empty. I looked through the window of the wooden hut and saw immediately before my eyes a large beast of prey spotted with black on a yellow ground, whose round head pressed against the pane from the inside. The Cheetah.

At midday the sun shone out, and as the shutter was raised the Cheetah came out into the light. He took two slow steps forward, blinked, and then leapt from end to end of his enclosure with tremendous springs, in which

he twisted so wildly that sand and pebbles flew from under his paws. And as suddenly as his wild leaping had begun it ended. The animal stood quite still on his long legs, snuffled deeply with trembling flanks, stretched his whole length to earth, felt the warmth of the sun on his coat, and purred.

"You can go in to him without any fear," said its owner; "he is quite tame."

I entered, and met with a stormy reception. Before I could realize what was happening, his forepaws were pressing on my shoulders, and the whiskers of the magnificent hunting Cheetah bristled about four inches away from my nose. But he still continued to purr and I overcame my fear, spoke to him softly, and stroked his flanks. That seemed to please him, for he closed his eyes, and my fingers traced the curve of the black lines that bend deeply from eye to mouth.

When after a time I pushed the heavy fellow to the ground, he danced about me and then shot swiftly away. Expectantly he turned his small head, but as I did not accept this invitation to play with him he turned and strode proudly towards me. His tail hung in a beautiful curve, and, tenderly purring, he rubbed his arched back against my side.

That was the beginning of a deep and lasting friendship. I would not have you believe that any special courage is necessary for an adventure of this kind. The Cheetah, which is a curious combination of both canine and feline, is certainly a beast of prey standing three feet high, but of a very

affectionate and patient disposition. As often as this particular one saw me coming towards him, he reared upright against the wire fence, and called me coaxingly.

Then he would spring high in the air and stand still, trembling with expectation, waiting to see whether I would really open the door. At last he would come crawling towards me on bent legs, purring the while louder and louder.

His greatest pleasure was for me to sit on the ground with him and tip him head over heels, or to hold his head in my two hands and whisper soothing words in his small ears.

On the last day of my visit I spared both myself and him the regrets of leave-taking.

GIRAFFES AT PLAY

During the whole winter the dark-skinned Betty, now more than fourteen feet tall, had been separated by a fence from the two young giraffes, Hans and Anneliese. But on the first warm day of spring the doors were opened on the left and right, and suddenly in the sunlight the three met.

What happened?

The young bull Giraffe, who but the day before had been tenderly courting the favours of his graceful playmate, turned fickle. He stood at the side of the big Giraffe, who overtopped him by more than a yard and licked and caressed her back with his soft lips. Betty the giantess tol-

erated these attentions for a time and even rubbed her long neck against that of little Hans.

Only the day before Hans and Anneliese had leaned the one against the other in their warm stall and in excess of emotion the youngster had from time to time bent back his head, and turned until his soft muzzle touched the lips of his playmate. Now she stood lonely and forlorn in the sun, and trembled so that the reticulated markings of her coat contracted into slender lozenges. That was naturally due to the coldness of the air, not yet thoroughly warmed by the sun's rays. But for us human beings there was something spiritually implicit in this movement of her skin.

Hans soon declared his love to Betty. He drove the big heavy Giraffe before him and chased her until she flew through the enclosure with peculiar swaying leaps. In fairness to the young bull it must be stated that he had a sound knowledge of tactics, for again and again he was able to corner the heavy Giraffe, and throwing back his long neck, push his head tenderly against her buttocks. This practice must have a special appeal among giraffes, and be considered a trump card among lovers. In any case at each occasion Betty trembled down the whole length of her neck, down to the ankles; but then she ran away in a series of clumsy jumps, and to keep her balance her long neck swung to and fro like a boat that dances on the waves. When the mad chase came within tail-flick of her, Anneliese threw off her lethargy. Suddenly taking courage, she presented herself as a rival, kicked out her legs as well as might

be expected from any one of her "shortness," and even pushed herself between the two lovers.

It was a fantastic spectacle, the three animals, each a colossus of fourteen, ten and seven feet in height, hopped, skipped and jumped around one another, as though possessed by restless demons. Often they became knotted in such a tangle that I dreaded to see one of them fall to earth with a broken leg, but always they unwound into a chasing file.

Hans lost completely all capacity for cool deliberation. Now he would caress his dwarf playmate, now turn all his tenderness towards the dark giantess from the south of Africa. And the sun smiled upon them and poured his warm rays on their brown and yellow speckled bodies.

A week later there was a change in the weather, and again the separating fence stood like a moral symbol between Betty and Hans and Anneliese. On its left Betty was enduring her distasteful solitude, but on its right was being enacted a tender idyll. The two gay-coloured Giraffes from Lake Rudolf sat side by side on their bed of straw. From out their softly breathing, softly moving bodies, their long necks swayed upwards like miracles of blossom in a lotus-covered lake, and their dainty small heads rubbed tenderly the one against the other, their mild eyes beamed contentedly, and when Hans gently gathered a mouthful of hay from the floor beneath him, Anneliese snatched it triumphantly from the lips of her regained lover. Hans seemed to share in her delight.

THE NIGHT-APE IS MY FRIEND

Of all the animals in the Berlin Zoo I think it is the Night-Ape which stands chief in my affection. For two years scarcely a day has passed without an exchange of greetings, and I like to think that "Gru-Gru" awaits my visits with longing.

The encyclopædias say that the night-ape of the Amazon River is a timid but rather vicious animal which sleeps by day curled up in the tree-tops. Gru-Gru must either be an aberration in the species or he has altered. He plays and jumps livelily in the warm room, and when he sees me coming he bounds to earth like a ball and then stretches himself out long and thin as does a cat, so that his belly brushes against the floor. And so, voluptuously stretching, he comes up to the wire mesh of the fence.

His owl-like eyes burn red-brown in his head. Everything about him almost trembles with expectancy. Now my fingers are raking through his soft thick-haired coat, and the little monkey wriggles in expert appreciation, so that no single spot shall fail to receive my attention. Then he stands up and presents his bright yellow-gold breast, and when there are no more caresses his long thin hands push through the wire mesh, and cool fingers are clasped about my own, and he coaxes me—"gru-gru—gru-gru" in a quiet, purring whisper.

Gru-Gru is curious beyond all measure. Should I write in my notebook he stretches himself up and is suddenly very slim and very tall. Then the long hindlegs can be

seen, longer than arms and body together. His hairless spidery fingers reach out for the paper, and when I caress and comb him again, and tell him something in a soft voice, he twitters, tender and melodious as a young canary.

Sugar he will not eat, but he is not averse to a little tangerine peel. Over his eyes are two white hairy triangles, the scalp hair is black and thick, and between the cheeks and the tiny ears are other white hairy patches. The little face itself is quite hairless, the mouth thin, senile and rather sunken, as the teeth are extremely tiny. He likes to nibble with them at the end of my finger.

Always when I seek to leave, a little tragedy is enacted. Gru-Gru jumps hither and thither, presses himself close to the bars and calls me imploringly. Should I not come back he hops to the side wall where he can follow my movements over the top of the ermine's cage, and waits until I turn about. He stands there, half upright, his little fingers tightly clutching the wire and moves his plump woolly body excitedly to and fro. Every movement cries aloud: Come back and play with me!

One hot afternoon in summer he was sleeping high above in the branches as I came near. His face rested in his crossed hands, and his long tail was wound first about a slender branch, and then about his body, so that its black tip rested against his yellow breast. I stood for a long time quite still, and then tried softly to steal away that I might not wake him, but no sooner did I attempt this than Gru-Gru blinked and dropped quite simply and suddenly to the

ground, hanging for a couple of seconds head downwards suspended by his tail. Then he hopped towards me on all fours with wagging head and twittered and held me firmly for a long time with all his fingers, as though he had guessed my mean intention.

THE JEALOUS LION

The young Senegal Lion and Lioness had just been unloaded by the importer from their transport cage. The Lion kept himself in the background and growled and showed his fangs, but this struck me as being rather more funny than frightening as he had just reached the adolescent stage of male development, and his childishly broad paws, and the youthful spots all over his whole body were scarcely in harmony with his newly sprouting mane. Neither was his "roar" as yet quite authentic—his voice was "breaking."

The Lioness lay outstretched in the foreground, close pressed against the bars, and she did not even move when I rattled a stick energetically across them.

Her eyes remained large and clear, and pushing my hand through the bars, I pulled the childish furry ears, and immediately she began to play. She pushed her paws out to me, claws carefully padded, and I could not rub her head too closely against the ground.

For a while all went well, although the youngster in the background mouthed and growled incessantly. Suddenly a raging devil flew forward through the air, while I as a kind of reflex action jumped three paces back.

THE LION CURLED HIS UPPER LIP AND SNARLED, AND BENEATH BRISTLING WHISKERS HIS GRIM TEETH THREATENED

But the next second showed that his spring was not meant for me. He was simply jealous of his companion and bit her and pushed her away, and wanted now that I should play with him.

And in all fairness this had to be done.

UNCANNY GNU!

One evening I noticed how the blue-striped Gnus could not even be coaxed into their stable with offers of tempting hay. The keeper cracked his whip. As though suddenly become maniac, they turned in a circle, lashed out behind, and rose up like stallions on their hindlegs. Rage sparkled in their eyes, and I—I remained away from their enclosure for many weeks.

Why do these animals seem so uncanny to me?

Regarded individually, every part of their body is beautiful, but the lack of harmony between the graceful antelope legs, the bulky body, the bushy horse-tail, and the great angular cow's head, depresses me, and when I think how harmless wanderers must suddenly have met face to face with one, I can quite understand they would be convinced that they had fallen in with Satan himself.

Once in the Berlin Zoo I watched the rude courtships of the striped Gnus; it resembled more an homeric and sanguinary boxing match. Both animals stood face to face, stumbled forward on their knees, and butted at each other

with their curved horns, making the dust fly and their skulls rattle.

The male white-tailed Gnu nearby, however, blew out his body and forced a shrill barking bellow through his outstretched snout, and drove his companion roughly into a corner.

And about the same time on the following summer both the couples had offspring born to them. The young calves were healthy, but the mother of the white-tailed Gnu had to pay for his life with her own; for two days I could hear that nerve-shattering bellow in the antelope house—which is perhaps the reason I find them so uncanny—a sound as though of hammering on tough, resonant tin.

The orphan was led up to a white hornless cow. Difficulties arose. The foster-mother contemptuously pushed aside the thirsty stranger, and miserable and forlorn the Gnu trembled in the centre of the enclosure—a light brown calf on white legs, whose shapeless fat head was a burden beyond his strength.

Then the keeper intervened, and the white cow soon learned that this gnome-child could relieve her swollen udders. And so she suckled him till his healthy growth was assured, and when the autumn came no trace of any misery could be seen in the young Gnu. The horns which had at first grown vertically from his head became longer and longer as the winter passed, and then bent and widened the brow. Very soon the little creature began to look like a real Gnu, long white bristles began to grow in a circle about his eyes, and the skull to set in sharp angles. The

THE SOMBRE HEAD OF THE HARPY EAGLE HOLDS YOU IN THRALL LIKE AN EVIL INDIAN DANCE-MASK

short black neck-hair waved like a mane, and by the time the spring had come a new "devil" was abroad in the Zoo.

THE HARPY AND THE SCREAMER

Lorenz Hagenbeck brought back both these exotic birds to Stellingen as fruits of a South American expedition. The enormous crested Harpy Eagle sat behind the bars, statuesque and rigid on the gnarled trunk. An uncanny creature, blue-grey and strange.

Enormous round black eyes gleam in the head and from between them curves the beak, powerful and keen as a Malay kris, forming a gaping aperture underneath its point. Sparse plumage encircles the head like a frill and the head is set neckless on the white breast.

It seems to lose all semblance to a bird and an evil Indian dance-mask holds us in thrall, especially when the crest ruffles like a warrior's plumes about the sombre head. This creature is a phantom that lures with magic arts.

I have watched the Harpy tear apart its prey with sharp crooked claws until the feathers flew. The power of one blow of the beak is such that it will split a human skull. And among the Indians, he who captures and conquers this eagle is looked upon as a king among men.

The Chaja or Screamer is really a large grey goose with a hen's head, made grotesque by the long bristles at the back of the head and the two neck-rings, one broad and black, the other narrow and almost free of feathers just below the head. In Stellingen the Screamer was placed

with the nandus in the great meadow where the guanaco family and its two woolly children also graze. One evening, as I was walking through the enclosure with Lorenz Hagenbeck, the speckled Screamer flew up behind me and began to test his beak's keenness with harmless pecks against my calves. To chase and shoo him away availed nothing—his curiosity impelled him forward, and again he cooed and pecked.

Over on the pampas they crowd in their hundreds to the water-holes, oblivious of hunter's or shepherd's presence; and with the coming of dawn is heard their song, "cha-ha," an organ recital that can be heard for miles in the vast plains.

THE HOME-SICK JAGUAR FINDS A MATE

Summer, 1925

A big wooden case was trundled into the carnivora house and placed with its shutter next to the Jaguar's cage. There was a rattle of iron doors, and out sprang a slim, snarling animal—a female Jaguar.

Both animals sniffed curiously at one another, and a few days after, the dividing fence of wire mesh was removed. The sun shone on the green of the trees, and the Jaguar, now happy in matrimony, developed a temperament, grew in grace and strength, and what with leaping and uttering his love cries, had no more time to lie melancholy on his back.

Even the lion in the great circular cage sometimes looked

THE SCREAMER IS A LARGE GREY GOOSE WITH A HEN'S HEAD, MADE GROTESQUE BY THE LONG BRISTLES AT THE BACK OF THE HEAD, AND THE TWO NECK-RINGS, ONE BROAD AND BLACK, THE OTHER NARROW AND ALMOST FEATHERLESS

across a little reproachfully, for he did not like the attention of the visitors to be distracted from his own strength and beauty.

But without avail. The Jaguar's cage was besieged just as I had prophesied when in the winter he had crouched lonely in his gloomy corner.

It was a magnificent summer day. The female Jaguar tired of watching her husband whet his claws against the wooden wall, sprang up to the beam that traversed the cage and squatted, facing left, dog-like on her haunches at its right extremity. Her long tail hung down, and she curled its tip about the cross-bar below.

The Jaguar gave a last slash of the claws against the wooden wall, and like some monstrous dragon-fly rose effortless through the air to the left extremity of the beam. He sat there squatting dog-like on his haunches, head and body turned to the right and, as though in order to make sure that no law of symmetry should be transgressed, he curled the tip of his tail about the cross-bar below.

They posed there motionless like two animals of ancient heraldry, alike in colour, alike in build, and for the one long minute of their pose even their pupils did not narrow.

The female Jaguar then raised her right forepaw playfully and softly, and almost imperceptibly her mate drew back his breast and growled. She took his growl amiss, bent her head to the side, bared her teeth and snarled. The Jaguar did likewise, and the two wide snarling jaws threatened, and their claws raised and met. It looked dan-

gerous, but it was all in play. Both animals became quiet immediately and the female stared fixedly to her front for a time and then again wrinkled back her upper lip. Again their teeth met, and there was snarling and growling.

The Jaguar suddenly seemed weary, and relaxing, stretched himself recumbent along the beam. His mate was disappointed and she threshed with her tail in the air, and then rising climbed over her companion.

This she did as though for her he did not exist, and she trod dancingly backwards and forwards over his body, a no mean feat on a beam scarcely a foot wide. Naturally she could not do this without touching the Jaguar, and it is difficult to blame him that he took this disturbance amiss. He growled, and as she passed over him again he bit her in the white paunch. But very deliberately, almost, I might say, softly.

But with a whistling snarl of rage she threw herself upon him and bit deeply and spitefully into his ear.

A nervous shudder ran down his body. He shook his round head, reared, and they stood with clutching paws, their jowls touching and gleaming fangs bared. This time he was really angry.

They stood a long time in their excited snarling embrace, and then without any warning the female stretched herself along the beam, and purring gently pushed her angry mate cramped into the corner. Injuredly he turned to face her.

The coquettish feline licked his soft coat with a gentle tongue, until his whole body trembled with pleasure down

to the tip of his tail. The atmosphere suddenly became electric. The Jaguar sprang to the ground, and she followed him. The sound of their excited purring filled the place as the Jaguar sprang up the tree-trunk that divided the cage. A leap and she was close behind him, then down again to earth, up the beam again, the female ever pursuing the male in this ancient amorous chase.

Their graceful bodies glided noiselessly, describing great arcs from end to end of their cage. The Jaguar was still the pursued, his mate the pursuer, but in the middle of a spring he suddenly turned, and what had been play was now deadly earnest.

THE MUSK-OX

Grey, strangely aloof, it stands in its enclosure, a cow shrunken to the size of a sheep. Sometimes it treads carefully through the sand and raises its legs so high that one would think it was walking over a deep snow-field. Its real home is in the most northern parts of the earth, and I feel that it is especially strange down here in the temperate zone. Its whole body is covered from ear to tail with long tousled hair, and its mane streams clumsily from the large head nearly to the ground.

I have never seen it make an abrupt movement. The keeper throws in a thin branch with many knotted twigs, a toy such as the young elephant really loves. But the Musk-Ox treads past it on fallow white hoofs, and starts whenever the nearby llamas leap among the rocks.

IN MEMORY OF A YOUNG DROMEDARY

When the spring storms were raging, the Siberian Camel, a stallion, chased madly about his enclosure, and his black matted wool swung about him like a curtain in his swaying passage. Then he stood and pushed his heavy lips upwards, as though dreaming of those days when the caravan, heavy laden with bales of tea, passed through the desert with all bells tinkling, down from China to the rocky Urals.

Did anyone attempt to give the young Camel bread, he pushed enviously between, kicking and biting so that the youngster flew screaming to his mother. They were both of the same size. Only in the light colour of his wool and his buck-jumps did the yearling differ from his dark brown mother.

In the next enclosure was a white Dromedary, a noble mare with long legs and mildly gleaming eyes. She too was shortly to have a foal at her side, and in the same week, when the warm April sun shone, the bizarre creature was born into the world.

A new-born dromedary resembles nothing so much as a prehistoric bird. Its legs are merely long bony stilts, and the thin neck stretches upwards like a snake from the round small body, and tries vainly in its first hours of life to raise up the shapeless object which though meant for a head resembles more closely the fleshless skull of a flying lizard.

The next day he was able to stand on uncertain legs.

A NEW-BORN DROMEDARY RESEMBLES NOTHING SO MUCH AS A PREHISTORIC BIRD

The sun dried his moist coat, and thousands of little ringlets appeared and covered the sucking dwarf with pale brown question marks. His grotesque misproportions soon developed into noble form, and when during the next few weeks I saw with what agility he emerged from under his mother's breast, and saw with what delicate grace he raised his tender feet, I felt that I understood the Arab, and the songs he sings in the *Jemal's* praise.

The foal gambolled round the enclosure with powerful leaps, beautiful and filled with the delight of life. Then one morning in July he bent his knees under him, let his body glide to earth, and stretched his long neck in the soft sand, noiselessly and without warning.

We who were watching thought him asleep, but in that moment he had died. This creature of the Sahara could not endure the summer sun. He must have been heart-sick.

THE DEMENTED POLAR BEAR

Once I knew a demented Polar Bear. He went with five measured paces up to the brick cross-wall of his cage, and then dashed his head six or seven times against it. Hour upon hour, day upon day, he did this, and with such force that his black snout had worn a deep groove in the hard brick. Then he paced backward, swayed his lowered head from side to side, shambled his five measured paces again towards the wall, threw back his head and polished his groove once more. So fanatic had this habit become that the flank with which to steady himself he pressed against

the bars was quite hairless and blood-flecked; and each time his self-torture was at an end he stretched his neck painfully to the side and gazed beyond with pitiful eyes.

In 1912 in the Polar panorama of the Hellabrunn Zoo I saw the tragedy of a Bear—pitiful and inevitable—that ended in its death. The beast had been bought from a travelling menagerie, where for years it had been confined in a narrow cage.

Now it was given freedom. But even here, where it could climb rocks and crags, swim and bathe and dive to the heart's content, even here it could still see the confining prison bars. Scarcely was it put into the spacious enclosure than it sought out a flat plateau, and day by day and week by week the whole winter through, and into the first weeks of spring, it shambled its six paces forward and seven paces backwards.

Was its food thrown in another place down below on the lake-side or above among the rocks, it was left lying there untouched. The wide world held no freedom for this poor prisoner.

MOTHER JAGUAR

Christmas, 1925

The fires of passion were slaked, and once more the Jaguar sat aloof on the beam above, and with the autumn his mate's womb was heavy-laden.

Snowdrifts piled high on the roofs and the beasts of

prey came down into the heat of the house; and one morning their large cage was divided into two parts, the one open to view, the other masked with fencing. What was happening behind the hoarding was not to be seen, but there was rustling of straw and sometimes a faint squeak. I came every day and waited.

At last on Christmas Eve my patience was rewarded. It was twilight and I stood before the lion's cage and watched with what appreciation he lapped his water. In the next cage the male Jaguar sat alone. Then came the second half, the confinement chamber.

The keeper pulled the string and a shutter in the back wall rose upwards. With lightning swiftness the mother's eyes blazed through the small opening. The old keeper called to her soothingly and she came forward, grumbling softly and with a warning snarl. Once more her body had become slim and graceful and she lapped thirstily the warm milk from the keeper's bowl.

Suddenly a small bright miracle of life pitter-pattered awkwardly through the small door. It was the baby Jaguar, scarcely as big as a kitten and with magnificently beautiful markings on his little body, and on his plump childish belly a white patch. His feet moved awkwardly, and, when he tippled over, his brother, who had followed at his heels, climbed over the little bundle of breathing fur. And then courageously and impudently he ran with quick little steps across the cage to his drinking mother.

At the sight of him the mother was, one might almost say, quite speechless. She stopped drinking and tried to

push him back with her paws. The youngster snarled, that is, he tried to snarl, but it sounded more like the twitter of a bird.

The mother raised her head and turned—to gaze the keeper in the eye, and I saw quite plainly that with this glance they both—man and animal—arrived at mutual understanding, and that she felt she could now do her mother's duties with a peaceful heart. Carefully she stepped over the little bundle of impudence, licked its tiny head and took it in her jaws. Indescribably gently: no single tooth pressed against the soft skull. When it seemed to her that all was well, she raised her head, and the tiny creature hung safely from her pouted lips. Slowly, so that its body should not swing, the "beast" padded across the cage towards the shutter, and the keeper, true to the bond that their exchanged glance had sealed, raised the shutter to full height, that mother and child might enter their dark nest with all ease.

And as I left the hall I could hear the Christmas bells ringing in the steeples of the nearby churches.

THE SHIP OF THE APE-MEN

In May, 1927, strange things were happening in the palm house of the Amsterdam Zoological Garden. The inspector had great cages placed on both sides of the broad main path close to the cacti and liana, from whose fleshy foliage the oppressive saturated atmosphere of the hothouse fell down in heavy liquid splashes.

In the meantime there was sailing from the coasts of northeastern Sumatra a cargo boat whose decks were filled with heavily lashed transport cages. A European moved among the Lascar crew and busied himself hour upon hour with the strange freight. And when in the evening the sun disappeared with tropic suddenness, a mighty booming song rose up from the ship's decks.

As the ship steamed into the gulf of Aden the cages disappeared below deck and remained there until she docked at Amsterdam. The voyage had taken fifty-six days. The freight was unloaded the same night.

This is the history of the voyage.

In the autumn of 1926 Mynheer van Goens, an old and experienced hunter, had brought the firm of Ruhe, in Alfeld, the full-grown male Orang-Outang, which under the care of Gustav Brandes in Dresden had become a European sensation.

When the hunter delivered the animal he asked Ruhe: "Would you like some more? If you like I can bring you a dozen. I might even be able to manage a whole family with young. I know a place that is swarming with them."

Ruhe agreed. The Dutchman took ship and disappeared for six months. Nothing was heard of him until one day a cable arrived: "All O.K. Shipping twenty-five ape-men."

And old experienced keepers, men who for forty-five years had handled every conceivable kind of zoological rarity, were wild with enthusiasm when they saw this shipment for the first time. There were no less than seven full-

grown couples, and six of them with a youngster each, all healthy and fit. And in Amsterdam they rested in the moist heat of the palm house, to recover from the long confinement of their voyage.

"I trapped twenty-five and arrived at the ship from the jungle still with twenty-five. One died on the voyage, but against that a female Orang was born in the Red Sea."

Amsterdam was only a port of call. In the meantime in the quaint old town of Alfeld Hermann Ruhe converted the hippopotamus house into a comfortable lodging for ape-men.

Round logs in the cages gave ample scope for climbing, and steam and water filled the glass-roofed hall with a moist and tropic atmosphere. And as the living freight was again unloaded at its new destination, telephones rang and cables arrived. The heads of nearly all zoological gardens in the world announced their coming. Alfeld had become the metropolis of the zoological world.

It is very difficult to record any exact impression. These primitive giants, almost unnerving in their resemblance to human beings, sat veiled in their hanging cloaks of rust-red hair, with black far-reaching hands and shrewd and serious faces.

No one of them is alike to the other. Their temperaments, their personalities, differ in each. One male Orang of about twenty-five years sits clasping his wife contentedly about the shoulders, while she with clear calls tries to coax her youngster to join them on the bed of straw. In the

THE HAIR ON THE ARMS HANGS ABOUT THE MOTHER ORANG-OUTANG LIKE A CLOAK, OFTEN COMPLETELY HIDING THE LITTLE BABY SUCKLING AT THE BREAST LIKE A HUMAN CHILD

next cage a male monster hangs down from the log roof of the cage by all fours like some enormous bat, long slim head thrust downwards, a thick beard waving from his chin.

Especially in their beards do they differ. One hangs down as bushy as that of a weather-beaten shepherd, but the upper lip is quite smooth. But to the right and left are others who sport moustaches as imposing as cavalry colonels'. The beard of still another male hangs down in two magnificent locks like a Dundreary, and the throat pouch gleams between them.

Nearly all the females have quite hairless faces, but long soft hair hangs from the head down the shoulders. The hair on the arms hangs about them like a cloak, often completely hiding the small baby suckling at the breast like a human child. The mother holds it to her breast cradled in her arms, a really human animal, while the youngster clings to her tightly with all fours.

Three youngsters play together in the one cage. They are perhaps sixteen to twenty-four inches tall, and swing and somersault wildly in the branches of their tree. Lighter circles of hair surround their eyes, making them look bespectacled.

One of the largest of the full-grown males lies on the ground the whole time, his face cupped in both hands, his thick hair gleaming grey about his shoulders. The enormous muscles of his shoulders and back give him the appearance of some ominous primitive brute. Did anyone approach him, an enormous long-reaching wool-clad arm

shot forward, and a plump black hand gripped a bar of the cage and pulled him forward. The snarling face appeared at the bars as though it had glided there of its own volition. The jaws opened and the powerful fangs curved up between his lips, terrifying and menacing. They snapped and ground.

The couples had been separated during their long journey, but were reunited on arrival in Alfeld. In one couple I observed their mutual delight, more tender and delicate than I have ever seen in any animals.

The female ran towards her mate sitting in the straw uttering wild grunts of delighted recognition, laid her arm tenderly about his shoulder, and scratched his body. Then she climbed up to the roof of the cage and hung by all fours face downwards from a cross-beam. Her mate rose to his full height and looked up at her possessively. One spring and he hung facing her in the air with both hands clutching the cross-beam. She loosed her grip with her hind-paws and swung down towards him, embracing him about the middle with her thighs and legs. He followed her embrace and, tight-locked in ecstasy, they swung through the air, pendent like a grape cluster from the vine.

They are fed with the greatest care. The orang-outang has a very delicate stomach, and fruit which may be only slightly bruised can be the cause of dangerous ailments. Toasted white bread, juicy grapes from the Tyrol, the freshest of eggs, stewed apples and rice, and Dutch cocoa form their staple diet.

Alfeld soon lost its magnificence. From one cage after the other the inmates disappeared. Düsseldorf, Frankfort, Nuremberg, Hanover, Leipzig, Breslau and Amsterdam have enriched their collections with orang-outangs. Moscow and other cities are negotiating. America has wirelessed its desire to purchase.

ELAND ANTELOPE IN THE SNOW

A fine big Eland Antelope came down the snow-clad ledges of Hagenbeck's "African plain." Its cream-coloured coat was as thick as wool, a proof of its adaptability to our climate, and my friend the guide, Ludwig Zukowsky, said to me, "You won't recognize the bull now, but he was born two years ago in Berlin."

There was really an astonishing change. I remember both his parents very well; his father is powerful and fat as a prize bull, with a smooth and gleaming velvet-grey coat, and a light shade of yellow. His dewlap hangs long and heavy from his neck, fringed with black hairs. The head is pointed and triangular, and small in proportion to the plump body.

Transcribe this description in terms of all that is delicate, and you have the young animal that two years ago stood to the left of and close-pressed against his mother. Even the black rings around the knees and fetlocks were already to be seen. Shoulder-high it measured some two feet, and

its coat held a warm glow of red. On the third day of life the black horns had already sprouted a little from the skull.

Then you had to approach the enclosure very slowly and speak very softly, or the mother took fright and, with legs wide apart, dealt out powerful forward kicks, and rattled her horns against the bars, snorting defensively. Very likely she was fearful for her child, and wished to hide it from human beings.

At the end of March snow had fallen again. Then came frost, and on the first day of sunshine the Eland calf made its first appearance into the free enclosure. (You will notice how early the acclimatization process begins.) The keeper threw open the door and little "white-nose" hopped gallantly on all fours out into the unknown, but a second later was back in his warm stable.

The strange cold striking his delicate coat and the crackle of the ice under foot, so different from the accustomed rustle of straw, had been too much for him.

The mother worried not in the least about the anxieties of her timorous offspring; dutifully she strolled out to greet her husband, who was engaged in sharpening his heavy horns against a tree stump.

The young calf shot out at her heels like a stone from a sling and hopped and skipped and twisted himself about in comic pursuit of his own tail. Now or never, he had thought, and finding it agreeable, he picked a crumpled ball of newspaper in his soft muzzle and threw it gleefully again and again in the air. When the rustling ball fell on

WITH A GRACEFUL TURN OF THE HEAD THE LITTLE ELAND ANTELOPE PEERS ROUND

his back he bounced in the air like a rubber ball, to land stiff and trembling on stretched legs.

Now he was sated with this wild careering, and for a time stood motionless, then trotted thoughtfully to pay his first respects to his father. The cow Antelope threw herself into position, evidently ready for anything. What will be the end of this, she thought. But the worthy bull nodded his head and licked his offspring's coat tenderly.

MARVELS OF THE SEA

Flowers Which Are Animals

The Sea-Anemones glow their varied red. They sit firm-rooted on cylindrical feet and sway softly in the water. Sea-Roses sprout from the brown stones. They are circular blossoms whose myriad tentacles twist and intertwine as though they breathe. Neither the still anemones nor the restless roses are a transitional stage between plant and animal, but definitely animals of the ocean's depths, who seize their food with tentacles and petals. Most probably their magnificent colouring, shining wax-white to pink and yellow, pale mauve and blue to fiery-red, are the lure with which they trap their tiny prey.

A Cylinder Rose sits on its high stem. Its feelers are long thin strands which wave like a milky veil with the movement of the water. At its feet lies motionless a purple Star-fish, a radiant indescribable shade of cinnamon. Only when you see its brother the great Sea-Star move its five tentacles in curious entwinement as it moves over stones and shells,

do you become aware of the thousand suckers of this headless and bodiless creature.

Tropic Fauna

Here all life seems but designed to out-vie itself in magnificence of colour. Small fishes, most of them scarcely finger-length, dart swiftly, as grotesque in name as in form; the red purple-black of the Glowing-Ember Coral-Fish; the gleaming orange of the Goldfinny; the Prussian Carp, a humming bird of the water, striped white and black; the Red-Banner Butterfly Fish and—most marvellous of all tropic miracles—the White-Striped Coral-Fish. It is perhaps an inch and a half long, a rectangle balanced on its tip, whose basic colour is a brilliant orange-gold with vertical white stripes that run over head, body, tail and fins, and these white stripes are again intersected by a black line no more than a millimetre wide. The sight of this fish makes each beholder's face lighten and smile with some strange joy. The Sea-Horses stand motionless in the tropic tank, their tails curled like fragile marks of interrogation. When they are tired, at least so we human beings must believe, they sink to the bottom and lean their small shrewd horse-heads against a plant and stretch their bodies in the sand, or they gather in ordered herds under the foliage of some water growth and swing rhythmically to and fro. Among them is a white Sea-Horse; its eyes gleam red.

I had to look for a long time to find the Unicorn Fish, whose home is in the Indo-Malayan ocean. It looks like a fragment of speckled marble and its eyes jut out far from

the head on long spines. As he swims away the dorsal fins form the single gleaming mother-of-pearl horn from whence his name derives.

But there is one little fish more beautiful than any I have ever seen in an aquarium. It must have only just arrived, for there is neither picture nor description on the tablets in front of the tank. Its shape is not extraordinary but the scales are hued a mysterious dark green.

It swims very quickly and its body is in a perpetual tremor, making the green iridescent as shot silk, changing from deepest blue on the spine to an impudently gleaming yellow-green at the veil-like tips of the fins. It is indescribably beautiful. The side fins, head, and underside are striped a fine turquoise-blue on a moss-green ground, each stripe with a narrow selvage of dull red.

I think that in the first days of creation the good God must have dreamed, and in the ardour of His dream composed this fish as He might a poem. It is called the *Julis lunaris,* "the red-striped peacock-lip fish."

THE ELEPHANT BATHES

It was in those June days when the heat-wave from America had swept mercilessly over Europe and Harry the sick Elephant was so tortured with pain that he had become vicious and no keeper dared trust himself alone in his neighbourhood. While one brought his food, another held the great animal at bay with a long crook-headed staff.

The old Indian colossus trumpeted in shrill rage and de-

voured his hay ration with reluctance. He mixed his bran with the hay and thrust the bundle into his mouth, carefully negotiating the inflamed tusk which was the cause of his torment. Again and again he flung the hay over his head with his trunk and it rustled as it slithered to earth down his mighty flanks.

After a time he again trod groaning up and down his stall. Probably on this hot day he was in greater torment than ever from his hurts. The old keeper came and played the hose on the stone flags. The Elephant approached the cooling stream and thrust his trunk into the spurting water and stood still, until the cooling flood swept over his body and drenched his tortured back. Now he positively laughed with pleasure! (You have never seen an elephant laugh?)

He turned and turned, until there was no part on him from head to tail which was not thoroughly wetted. Then he scraped his left flank along the wall and lifted his leg that no fold of the paunch might not be penetrated by the cold searching jet. At last, when the diminishing force of the water warned him that his bath must be near its end, he took the hose from the keeper's hand and sprayed trunk and mouth alternately. He wagged his thin tail and was once more as mild as of old.

TIME BRINGS CHANGES EVEN TO THE JAGUAR

Easter, 1928

I have known him now for nearly four years. I saw him when, heavy as a tiger and proud in self-delight, he lay high

above on a branch in his tree. I watched his puzzled gaze as he blinked through the wire mesh and wondered why now his playmate of the summer had no longer time nor glance for him. Preoccupied, she trod the smooth floor of her cage with feline grace, while her two spotted children played at her feet. I watched the two cubs grow, and watched them become bold and venturesome in their play. I saw how they strove each to prevent the other climbing the tree, and pull an upward aspiring body back to earth by the tail. Their play became hardy, their hops and jumps developed into supple elastic springs, and they glided, noiseless as fish through water, about their mother. One day the half-grown Jaguars were swallowed up by a transport cage, and who knows now in what town their days are spent? Summer came and again the couple were housed together in their great cage, sniffing at each other precisely as they had done in the year past. Suddenly the male colossus threw up the wooden ball on high with both paws and balanced it before him like a dish on an outstretched hand; while his mate stretched out her body devotedly before him.

Never did I feel more closely attached to this couple than in the winter months, when her litter of weakly cubs shivered whimpering in the warm rays of the artificial sunlight.

Neither the utmost care of human beings nor eggs nor cod-liver oil could help them, nor could the persistent caress of the mother's tongue on their limp bodies give them life. One day the Jaguar found herself alone, and searched and could not understand where her children had disappeared in the night.

But the new year brought new strength, and soon a new litter gambolled about her, healthy and lively. And when in a few weeks the blossoms on the chestnut tree raised their glowing candles to the sky, the love-call of the Jaguar was heard again, echoing their life: mating, birth, growth—and death.

THE CHAPMAN ZEBRA

One day I saw thirty Chapman Zebras in the depot of an animal importer, newly disembarked from an African steamer. They stood now in a wide kraal, nervous and uneasy, until the hunter who had tended them during their long voyage came to them.

And once again I experienced the shattering of a legend—I had always believed that zebras could not be tamed. But scarcely did he arrive at the bars of their enclosure than they all crowded towards him: even the mother, who had hidden herself in the background with her foals. The keeper was even able to coax the two half-grown animals to his side, where they sprang about him gleefully, and snuffed at the pocket which they knew held sugar. The mother snorted as she nibbled her usual turnips.

Only the old stallion stood apart, a magnificent creature, proud and fiery as a thoroughbred. The ground colour of his coat was almost brown and his abnormally broad stripes gleamed against it like black lacquer. At a rattle of a stick along the bar he reared upright, and then lashed out behind ferociously, a living proof that even the lion can meet death

THE OLD STALLION ZEBRA IS A MAGNIFICENT CREATURE, PROUD AND FIERY AS A THOROUGHBRED

when he attempts to surprise a zebra herd at their drinking place.

The cry of this animal was strong and barking, and resembled more the roar of a beast of prey; and it seemed to me that the great yellow teeth provided no mean weapons.

A year later I met the animal in a travelling circus. He was trotting proudly at the head of the procession, carrying on his back the principal equestrian performer.

THE VULTURE-TURTLE

Fallow monsters loom through the dull waters, powerful and indefinite, and bubbles rise up from the misty depths. A head in the grotesque shape of a flattened globe approaches and then a flat slab of body with four flippers paddling at the sides—the Vulture-Turtle.

It measures at least five feet; its armour is completely barnacled, and whether the creature sleeps or wakes, or swims or scrapes along the rocky bottom like a werwolf, still shoals of little fish graze in the green-slimed meadows that cover its back.

This spectre of an animal thrusts its head upwards and the horny vulture-beak reveals itself and the curving snout with its two square close-set nostrils. The small round eyes are hedged about by thorny spines and hard growths jut out from the neck. The lime-yellow skin of the underside is tough and deeply furrowed.

The creature gapes its jaws and I look into a deep-cleft, grey-black wrinkled maw. The left forepaw rises, followed

by the right, and the heavy armoured body sweeps aloft. It rears on its hindlegs like a stallion. Seen in profile, the gaping beak looks like the snarling jaws of a tiger. The colossus sinks downwards, heavy and terrifying, like some evil vision of the world's remotest days.

LION CUBS

I

As soon as the Lion cubs can see they go on voyages of discovery. The bed of straw becomes too cramped and confined for them, and they wobble with their fat bellies about the room. One hindleg is always pushed out to the side like the outrigger of a boat, and when one of them topples over the other three sympathetically follow its example; which I think a pleasant trait of character in the youngsters.

They know their keeper's voice and follow him when he calls, especially the pet of the family, which presents a rather elegiac appearance with its great dark eyes and chubby ears. Even the martial moustache cannot alter the childish softness of the face as it gazes in devoted wonder at the black camera that stares it in the face.

In the meantime the nurse dog runs excitedly about the cage and sniffs at the two remaining cubs. One missing, she thinks, and searches in the straw. One dodges through the small connecting door into the next cage. The dog chases after it and tries to pick up the truant by the neck, but it is a burden beyond her strength. She pushes it with her nose

NOT EVEN THE MARTIAL MOUSTACHE CAN DISTURB THE DREAMY EXPRESSION OR ALTER THE CHILDISH SOFTNESS OF THE YOUNG LION'S FACE

and it tumbles over, and rolling over himself, lands again on his four legs in time to receive another push from his foster-mother. The youngster regards this as an invitation to a little game, and joins in heartily. The dog scolds continuously and the cub rolls safely back to the nest.

II

There were once eleven young Lions in one cage. Eleven lion cubs—eleven temperaments; and all of them between six and eight months old, all born of four different mothers. In the early morning they sat strung along the bars of their cage like pearls on a necklace, and curious, very curious, as are all young animals.

I jumped the barrier and spoke to them and scratched their heads. It was interesting to see how variously they behaved. Here a shy retreat, and from the next a tender greeting, even though with the "rough edge of the tongue." The fourth could not await his turn, and climbed over his neighbour towards me, and bent his head low, so that my fingers should not miss a single fold of his plump back. Another wriggled on his back, for his delight it was to be caressed on his baby paunch, while a little dark-coated cub pressed himself forward to the bars and softly clawed through them for my finger. One threw back his head that I might stroke his throat, and the last but one in the row mewed continuously as though bemoaning the hard fate which delayed his turn so long.

But a surprise awaited me: still another one sat there, but completely aloof, and scarcely even deigned to notice me

when I came to him and spoke softly. He withdrew to the back of the cage. "And what's the matter with you? Bad-tempered?" I said, and waited a little while. Then I made as though to return to the others, who were all clamouring loudly for my attention, but no sooner had I made a movement to the side than he sprang towards me with one sheer leap, snarled and rolled back his upper lip, and beneath his bristling whiskers I could see threatening fangs.

III

It is seldom that a lioness is left to rear her young. Dogs are more reliable; they have probably more patience. For young lions—and this seems to me free from any doubt—soon become fiendish tormentors and endowed with unusual strength.

In a travelling circus I have seen how two young Lion cubs sprang incessantly at their mother from each side, biting her tail as she growled. For a time she put up with it, although it was evident that she was in pain, and then she raised her tail vertically so that her children could no longer reach the plaything. It did not last long. The two cubs waited patiently until it sank wearily downwards and flung themselves upon their prey with renewed fury. The Lioness took two paces backwards and again stretched up her tail, and by good fortune the tip curled over a plank in the wall and at last found rest and peace. All their leaps and attempts to climb the wall were in vain—the grapes became sour.

This same Lioness a few days later gave touching proof of her devoted mother-love. The small yellow youngsters

were separated from her so that she might eat in peace, but peace she never felt. The youngsters were bored, and instead of purring they whined and mewed. The Lioness snarled and prowled the length of the dividing fence and stretched out her paws towards them, visibly unhappy. The two cubs mewed more piteously than ever, but at last she found a way out of the difficulty. A little way along there was a small gap in the wire, and against this she placed her back, pushing her tail through it, that her children might torment her to their hearts' content.

ELEPHANT LOVE

Evening has already fallen and all contours are dim and blurred in the dimness of the great hall. There is the smell of hay and the warm bodies of animals. The dwarf hippopotami are gurgling under the water and the tapir is snoring like some great yellow-white cylinder in its straw. In the background the young African Elephant gleams dimly in the half-light. Somewhere there is a rattle of chains, and swallows dart swiftly in the cupola above.

In the centre stall a mountain looms upwards into the clearer light above like the ancient Indian colossus—Harry, the bull Elephant with the inflamed tusk. He trumpets shrilly, either in pain or disconsolate at the absence of his mate, who for two long years had shared his stall.

The round plump cow Elephant had arrived from Hagenbeck's twenty months before, and in contrast to her height

of ten feet, her whole appearance was mild and harmless. She looked rather like a leather-upholstered pig. In the first weeks of their partnership little tenderness was shown between them, and they passed one another as they trod their cage's length, distant and aloof. But then the glands on the head of the monster bull opened, and a dark viscous liquid ran slowly down between eyes and ears.

It was the mating season, his long trunk embraced her tenderly, and he was ever at her side, and soon her back bore the marks of his triumphant tusks.

Where is she now? The great hall is dimmer than ever, and ghostly with a criss-cross of girders and bars and the shadowy movements of the animals. Somewhere in the gloom the dwarf Elephant pads his never-ending circle like some demon of unrest, and the last glimmer of light is caught on his thin tusks. To his left is the cow Elephant, grey and heavy, almost buried to the paunch in sweet-smelling hay. For many weeks the fruit has been ripening within her; nature has been at her work of creation. In the late summer her child will be born. Mild, quiet and devoted, she bears her miraculous burden, and her udders are already heavy and swollen. After two years of patient waiting her great hour will come.

THE DUEL OF THE FLAMINGOS

A mixed company—the black Swans are natives of Australia, the Fox-Geese come from tropic Africa, the white

Swans with the black necks from Peru, and the peculiar species of pink-red Flamingo hails from the river districts of Central Asia. Now they all live together in one great cage, and because of our European winter it is lined with glass and has subterranean heating.

The Fox-Geese appear to have the best of it. They hop about busily, or chatter for a while perched on the great rock, or circle the water of their oval pond. The Flamingos push their heads under their wings and shiver with cold; in no other way can I account for the perpetual trembling of their feathers. The plump Swans stand for the most part on one leg which, in accordance with the law of portative force, is pressed straight against the ground, supported on a wide, webbed foot.

Sometimes, when a meagre ray of winter sunshine strikes the Flamingo, it awakes and advances a couple of steps on its thin stilts and ties a knot in its long neck.

But just as he is again about to hide his head beneath his wing he espies something on the cement bottom of the oval lake. His curved beak spears the mirror of the water and ripples break its surface. The convulsive neck shows that he is attempting to drag something from the depths. The others become interested. They step from the shore into the water and form a circle about it, and wait expectantly. The black Swan comes suddenly flapping like some demon over stone and water and plunges into the centre of the flamingo meeting. They flee, croaking and shrieking, spreading their unrest from the waters to the land, and then stand huddled together in the nearby corner.

The Fox-Geese go out to do battle with the victor, and they waddle across to the black Swan, now tugging valiantly in the same place where but a moment ago the Flamingo had stood.

The chattering, squawking and croaking are incessant. The white Swan blows his trumpet and hisses at the Fox-Geese from the rear. The Flamingos swell with indignation, and—as so often happens—instead of combining to rout the black Swan, they begin to quarrel among themselves. Two by two they stand and hiss and squawk and stick their necks out stiffly, and open their curved vicious beaks. Their beaks clash in combat like Saracen scimitars, and there is a hail of kicks, flapping of wings and flying of feathers.

Two of the champions have wound their necks each about the other and are doing their best to strangle themselves, and I must admit that the spectacle was more fearsome than any tiger fight I have ever seen.

It is true that the beaks were out of action, for each head was twisted in the opposite direction, but the convulsive tremors of the choking bodies were painful to watch. And their eyes held a look of torture as though they themselves could see no escape from their deadly embrace.

At last the black Swan lifts his head from out the water and slings a piece of cement disappointedly on the shore. It falls within a hair's breadth of the green-feathered back of a crested goose. She bridles even more proudly and regards her excited companions with scornful eye.

THE CRESTED GOOSE IS PROUD OF HER GROTESQUE AND USELESS BUMP

In full consciousness of her grotesque bump she waddles vainly away.

THE HAMADRYAS TYRANT

The bachelors among the Sacred Baboons have been placed in a side cage, so that the great circular cage might be entirely at the disposal of the families. The large branching climbing-trees and cross-planks, ten or twelve feet high, give ample room for movement and offer comfortable corners for a nap. Here sits a mother with her arms about her suckling offspring, and there three mothers sit in happy unity cleaning the coat of a single child. Above, another mother is watching and warding her youngster proudly in his first efforts to climb.

A visitor strews nuts on the floor of the cage and the shrill chattering army leaps, swings and scampers to earth. The youngsters have darted pick-a-back on to their mothers and hang tightly in the saddle with all fours so as not to fall in the wild switchback descent.

Nut-shells crack and expert fingers pick out the nuts, amid a great smacking of lips. The youngsters take independent action. There are eight of them, all strong of limb and sound of bone, a tribute to the success of the new system of vitamin feeding. These young Sacred Baboons present a comical appearance with their thin-limbed, almost naked bodies and long rat-tails. The big black-haired head is in grotesque contrast to the delicacy of the body and their

resemblance to humanity is stressed by a neat central parting in the hair.

Two of the youngsters have discovered an iron bracket in the corner of the cage, a strut for one of the cross-beams, and they climb up towards it, and, stretching, grip it with their hands, but their muscles are still too weak to draw up their bodies after them.

One seeks to do it acrobatically. He changes his grip, and hanging from it with the hindpaw, hangs head downwards and swings himself upwards like a pendulum. His strenuous efforts meet with no success, and at last he crawls on all fours to his mother and, sitting in the shelter of her legs, applies himself assiduously to her breast.

The young lady visitor again scatters a bag of nuts on the bottom of the cage, and the females begin a furious quarrel for their possession, scratching, biting and squealing. The youngsters take to the tree-tops, while below them yellow teeth snap and bite in a babel of piteous howls and wails. One flies limping from the scene of combat, turns, then throws herself like a Fury once more into the turmoil.

In the meantime the pasha of this harem sits motionless beneath the roof. His mane gleams silver-grey, and the thick fur hanging from the shoulders so shines in the sun that he is like some living reincarnation of Thot, the old Egyptian god. His hands lie on his knees and for a time he is motionless save for the interplay of his fingers. Then he shakes himself, and a dull barking issues from his throat, and he comes raging downwards like a panther,

THE HAMADRYAS HAS BOTH HANDS ON HIS KNEES, AND FOR A TIME HE IS MOTIONLESS SAVE FOR THE INTERPLAY OF HIS FINGERS. THEN HE SHAKES HIS GLEAMING SILVER MANTLE AND A DULL ROARING ISSUES FROM HIS THROAT

springing from branch to branch. His precipitate descent lasts perhaps four seconds, but it is sufficient time for the bottom of the cage to be cleared.

The females cower noiselessly on all sides, and only one of the youngsters crouches with cracking jaws among the nuts. The old man grabs him by the hindleg and scolds his offspring for a while, and then flings him aside. He has seen a greedy female scratch and bite one of her comrades.

Their lord and master flies into a sudden fury; he twirls swiftly on his haunches and vaults upwards over three timorous cowering wives, while the aggressor flees before him up the bars. He chases her from tree to roof and shoots downwards after her like some enormous flying insect. Three times they circle the cage in frantic hue and cry, and his angry barks make all who sit at the bottom of the cage whimper and wail with fear.

Suddenly he has had enough. He turns in the middle of a leap, and grabbing one of his wives by the neck, hauls her up after him to the topmost branch. During his intent preoccupation elsewhere, the others return to their nuts and feast on them in peace.

SEA-ELEPHANTS OF THE ANTARCTIC

As far as I am aware there is only one place in Europe where these enormous monsters of the Antarctic Ocean are to be seen. Adventurously and at great cost they were brought from the south polar seas to Carl Hagenbeck's Zoo

in Stellingen. The largest is Goliath, a nearly full-grown bull.

The large lake in the south polar panorama stretches before us. On the shore a couple of seagulls are pecking in and out among the grey-winged nun birds, droll penguins and a dark-plumaged cormorant. Save for a gleam of black in its centre, the surface of the water is unruffled.

Suddenly a fabulous monster rises from the depths, an enormous, impossible, shapeless head becomes visible, and two thin slits expand into crater-like nostrils. Black, deep, gleaming eyes blink at the hopping seagulls and with a shattering roar the Sea-Elephant rears his great bulk from the water.

You think of some enormous monster of the days before the Deluge, and notice almost with a feeling of horror that the pupils of the eye are not set in white as in other mammals, but seem to swim in a red liquid.

It is the mating season. The snout swells as it trumpets, and pushes out to form the trunk which gives the Sea-Elephant its name. The body towers five feet out of the water, but astonishment at its size first begins when it swims to the shore, pushes its breast on to the pebbles and heaves itself on land with its foreflippers. The head droops forward, and far behind it in the water a great fan flashes upwards, lashing the water into foam. What seems impossible is an actual fact; it is the other end of this huge seal. The thrusting and heaving forward continue, and ever greater masses of body rise from the water.

At last with a moan of exhaustion the whole great length

THE EYE OF THE SEA-ELEPHANT—MYSTERIOUS MIRROR OF LIFE

appears and the Sea-Elephant lies on the shore, regaining its lost breath. It is almost twenty feet long, cylindrical, shapeless as an inflated rubber bag. The lime-yellow contourless giant resembles no other living creature until the eyes, the mysterious mirror of life, are opened. A thin slit appears and widens almond-shaped; the pupil swims in its blood-coloured liquid, and at last the mild eye beams with the warmth of life, an enormous round black diamond. A thin film of skin clôses over the eye like the shutter of a camera lens, and life again disappears. The creature is sleeping.

After a time the Sea-Elephant throws upwards his head and trunk. He has heard the rattle of the bucket, and he heaves himself towards it with uncanny speed. A keeper, in each hand a well-filled receptacle, appears round the corner of the rock. Goliath snorts, throws back his head, yawns, and the stage is set for the grotesque spectacle. There are deep folds at the point in the back where the upraised torso meets the recumbent remainder of its great mass, and fixed and rigid it has the appearance of fantastic sculpture. The part of the body that is reared upwards is almost seven feet high and looms above the keeper standing on the rock at its side.

The colossus blinks down at the man good-humouredly, then thrusts up his nostrils to the sky and opens his jaws. Enormous fangs become visible in the tremendous cavity. The keeper picks out a large cod by the tail. Goliath scarcely swallows, the food seems to slip down of its own accord, and eight, nine, ten fish disappear in the same fashion. Then

Goliath lets his forepart flop down to earth, and snorts. But in a few minutes he is again blinking down at the bucket, and again one fish after the other disappears in his maw. Should anything fall the little seagulls appear in a flash and seize the fragment in their beaks, and gulp and strain until at last they force the seemingly impossible morsel down their throats.

Towards the end Goliath demonstrates the real suppleness of his body and flings back his head so far that he swallows the last herring, as it were, backwards.

He is fed every two hours, and his day's rations vary from 425 to 550 pounds.

He is satisfied at last. A shattering roar and Goliath heaves himself towards the lake to take a digestive nap under water. But in the meantime "Jason," who is only ten feet long, has availed himself of this opportunity to pay his attentions to the brown gleaming female. The two young Sea-Elephants circle about each other, swim a turn breast-to-breast, throw themselves on their backs, and gurgle and push their heads snorting from out the water. The sight of this rouses all Goliath's primitive jealousy. He hurls himself into the water, making it rock and foam, his great flippers lash the surface, and the powerful rage of the old bull's tail flings up a mighty fountain. A few seconds later and with gaping jaws the two rivals fling themselves upon each other. A scar over Jason's eye bears witness to the seriousness of the situation, and Goliath bears blood-red weals on his lime-coloured breast.

But "Nixe," the shrewd female, has sunk to the bottom

THE SEA-ELEPHANT LIFTS HIGH HIS BODY FOR A MUFFLED ROAR

of the lake, and waits there until waters and passions are calmed once more.

These Sea-Elephants hold for the moment pride of place in the Hagenbeck Zoo. It is of cultural significance that these nearly full-grown specimens have been brought to Europe, for the Sea-Elephant is a nearly extinct species. In the last century they were still to be found in innumerable herds, but their senseless slaughter by the money-grabbers has given over even this race to destruction.

THREE LEOPARD CUBS

In the inner cage of the carnivora house three spotted creatures, small as kittens, rustle and mew in the heaped straw. They waddle their plump bellies clumsily over the wooden floor, and they push their little round heads curiously through the bars of the cage.

Now and again they snarl at each other—but it does not become them, for to keep balance, snarl, and if possible raise a forepaw, is a little too much for a two-week-old Leopard. They topple over and all three remain lying snuggled the one against the other in the straw.

Above them the mother lies outstretched along a beam near the roof like a powerful goddess. Her gaze never wanders a second from her litter, and even when she lies voluptuously in the crook of the tree, and lets tail and paws dangle downwards, still her eyes follow every movement

on the floor below. From time to time she purrs, filled with maternal happiness.

One of the three children developed initiative and a propensity for roaming at an early age, and often in the evening when the keeper opened the door of the inner cage and gave the mother Leopard and her children their food, the youngster disappeared. He hid in the small space between the wall and the straw-box, or crouched under the overturned milk-bowl. One day we found him at the extreme end of the bars wedged up between the roof and side wall. There he hung, a yellowy-brown-black bundle, and played with the ivy leaves that overhung the cage.

We called and coaxed, but only when the keeper tapped with an iron staff against the bar did the strange bird become frightened and disentangle himself, and plump down nearly ten feet to the cage bottom. He twisted in his fall like a cat and landed unharmed on all fours.

With an injured wail the hopeful climber fled to the back of the cage so quickly that the fine rain of sand thrown up behind him obliterated his spoor.

LOVE IN AUTUMN

Evening is falling and shadows creep along the path, and the mist begins to spin its grey trembling web about the mesh of the fence and the trees and leaves.

A cry comes clear and rising from the distance, then another one, dull, and then a third and fourth so piercing that

AT THE TOP OF THE CAGE ROOF HIGH ABOVE HER CUBS STANDS THE MOTHER LEOPARD, A POWERFUL GODDESS, HER EYES EAGERLY FOLLOWING EVERY MOVEMENT IN THE STRAW

our human skin creeps. It is the cry of the Deer. They run to and fro in their enclosure, heads thrown back so that the mighty antlers rest nearly upon their withers, and combs of white mist swirl from their nostrils. They exude water and sap. The hinds take flight; one of them which has been put with the large American Wapiti is lamed in the hindleg. The burden of her suitor has been more than she could bear.

When a human being comes up to the fence through the rustling drift of autumn leaves, the passionate colossus dashes wildly forward and rattles his antlers impatiently and tyrannically against the heavy bars.

The atmosphere of the Zoo on this damp day of mist is overcharged. Under the arch two Elephants stand in their narrow stall. They embrace tenderly with their trunks and beat impatiently against the barrier that separates them.

In the carnivora house a black Panther presses his attentions upon a sensitive Leopardess. There is a snarl and a hail of paw and claw, and the bleeding scratches on his black coat tell their own tale. But when he ceases his ardent courtship and lies growling in the corner, she comes and rubs against him as she passes and flicks her tail into his face. His green eyes blaze wildly.

There is a peculiar atmosphere in this house today. It is fierce and acrid, smelling of beast and meat, and driving away the melancholy of autumn. The rain is beating against the glass roof, feeding time is an hour past, and nearly all visitors are gone; only a little yellow and red-striped kitten

frolics about the keeper as he cleans the meat-trolley. The animals in the cages lie behind their bars and roll and wriggle and watch the man with their great eyes.

They are all of them good friends of mine, proved by many a visit in the early morning and in the midday when they lie sleeping in their corners, and in the evening before feeding time, when they fling themselves excitedly across the whole length of the bars.

There crouches the great Bengal Tiger. In the summer he had an ulcer on the left forepaw, and today the wet weather does not agree with him; he coughs and a white liquid runs down his jowl from his eyes. But none the less he is a powerful animal. Lovis Corinth once painted him and said to me enthusiastically: "Do you know what I've seen? I saw the Tigers mating. They were both crouching in their corners. Suddenly there was a snarling and I could only see colour, wildly whirling colour. They bounced about like coloured balls in the sun. It made a tremendous impression on me, altogether different from your pals the Lions. They're too businesslike for me; rather bored. A stallion is of course really terrific, but the colour is lacking."

THE LION REGISTERS PLEASURE

Without any doubt whatever, I have seen both lions and tigers visibly express joy and happiness.

A Cape Lion, black-stomached and with a mighty mane, slowly trod the wide circle of his outer cage. On this day there was but little trace of any self-delight in his mag-

nificence; he was searching for his mate who for weeks had shared his cage, and he could find neither peace nor rest. He bowed his great head sniffing to the ground, and sprang in excitement over the rocks at the back of the cage—and cursed and scolded.

When lions growl it is a sign of displeasure, and the growling of the Cape Lion was deep-felt and loud. In the next cage his mate sat drumming with her claws against the sheet-iron dividing door.

At six o'clock in the evening all beasts of prey are allowed back to their inner cages to be fed, and then it chanced, perhaps by mistake, that Lion and Lioness, found themselves reunited in the one cage. Both entered through different doors practically simultaneously, and they stared at one another in surprise.

And then (and this is literally true) they threw themselves full length on the wooden floor and wriggled back to back, turned on their haunches so that their heads met, and laughed and kissed in their delight.

Laugh and kiss are human words for human actions, and used in connection with lions they sound grotesque and foolish, but I can find no better words to describe the behaviour of these two animals.

LLAMA, LOVE AND SNOW

The Dresden Zoo is really an enormous meadow across which meander paths as though at will. It is scarcely to be noticed that patches of the meadow are enclosed, as every

piece of wire and every bar and all the branches of the trees are coated thick with crystals which refract the rays of the winter sun a thousandfold. In this magic land there is no surprise in meeting deer and ponies and donkeys, here a young buffalo calf, and there a flock of black sheep, grazing on the frozen turf.

And in the clearing between the chestnut trees a herd of Llama rise up from the white gleaming earth, grey-brown animals with slender legs, swaying necks, and the thin pinched face which ill-accords with their heavy fleece-laden bodies. They are all of varying size, three full grown and a young doe, born perhaps in the spring of the year. They seem to be in flight, and in sudden confirmation a huge Llama buck comes galloping in their wake over the blanket of crackling crystal. He is a big fellow, powerful and shaggy, spotted with brown, and his breath comes streaming from his nostrils in two cloudy jets.

He has caught up the herd—and the herd trembles. The buck lashes out behind, whinnies and tries to separate the delicate white doe from her companions, but an old red doe pushes herself between them and frustrates the attempted rape.

The red doe now becomes the object of his attentions and he kicks, bites and harries his victim into a state of exhaustion. The park resounds with their fierce shrieking, and the attacker's face is distorted with lust, the thick fleece swings to and fro, and the steam jets quicker and quicker from distended nostrils. He twists his neck about hers and, legs firmly planted, forces her to her knees and at

last to the ground, where she lies before him, defenceless.

The white doe yearling has meanwhile reached the shelter. Suddenly the snow swirls down from the skies in an impenetrable curtain.

ROBBERS IN ARMOUR

Small dead fish fall in a silver gleam from the keeper's hands into the glass tank. Enormous Sea-Spiders and Strand-Crabs crawl on clumsy claws over the rocky bottom, and a speckled Cat Shark rests dull and stupid between two stones. From every corner scurry this small armoured host, clamp their hind claws firmly to rock, plant or shell—and feast. They sit genteelly and hold the tiny fish in their pincers and push it millimetre by millimetre into their maws.

The grotesque Lobster with the long dark-red feelers has snapped the largest fish of all and sits now hidden in the background. The greenish-black body and turquoise-blue tail is almost obscured in the turgid water, but the violent red of the enormous claws stands out clear against the rock on which they rest.

Four Spiny Lobsters live in the neighbouring tank and delight to hide their great curved bodies in the rock's crannies. They sit like fabled animals on their jointed feet, violet-red, black and spotted white, spines jutting from the mailed breastplate, and gaze at one another with protuberant eyes. When they crawl they sweep back their yard-long feelers in magnificent curves but raise them when the

keeper throws in food and fight lustily. The strongest among them drives the others back to the creviced rock, up which they climb, half swimming, half walking backwards.

The Flatfish live in a tank whose bottom is strewn with finest sand. Most visitors overlook them entirely, so astonishingly does their protective colouring merge them into their surroundings. It is only after long observation that the gleaming black eyes reveal themselves and the small orange-red spots on the flat upper side can be seen.

The Sturgeon sweeps above them in wide silent circles. The curved snout has on the projecting under-jaw four ivory-white feelers, or "barbels," branching downwards like the antlers of a deer, which twitch and find new direction when an obstacle is encountered.

The Cuttlefish is fearsome. When the rust-brown body glides over the submerged rocks and the slim tentacles writhe in search like slender snakes and the suckers grip fast the vertical concrete wall, it is easy to realize how, distended to great size by the haunted imagination of seafaring men, there arose the legends of the ocean's monsters.

Purple-red Dragonfish float motionless and stare out of great eyes as though themselves astonished at their encrusted rococo Chinese bodies. The Gurnard glides on a blue-green gleaming plane through the luxuriant water foliage, and above the smooth Dogfish curves in an endless circle like a tortured demon from inferno. It swims like a live-charged grenade, showing the milky-white belly with the transparent pale violet fins, while the back gleams metallic silver-grey. The ever-gaping jaws and black maw

lend it added weirdness, and its tiny eyes stare malevolently at mankind.

The arrow-tailed King Crabs crawl on the rocky bottom and look like the steel helmets of English and American soldiers. A long pointed spine juts from the rear like a rudder, and when it crawls it scores a deep straight line in the sand.

Rays also live in this tank: the grey-white, tiger-striped Sting-Ray and the Thornback with the weird enormous eye-sockets. They sweep upwards from the ground, flapping like bats, and you see their snow-white undersides with the peculiar dotted incisions—and lose all concept of an animal.

Marvels of the sea!

HAPPY ORANG FAMILY

February, 1928

When Mynheer van Goens's ship and its freight of ape-men passed through the Gulf of Aden, a female Orang brought a child into the world. That was on April 18th, 1927.

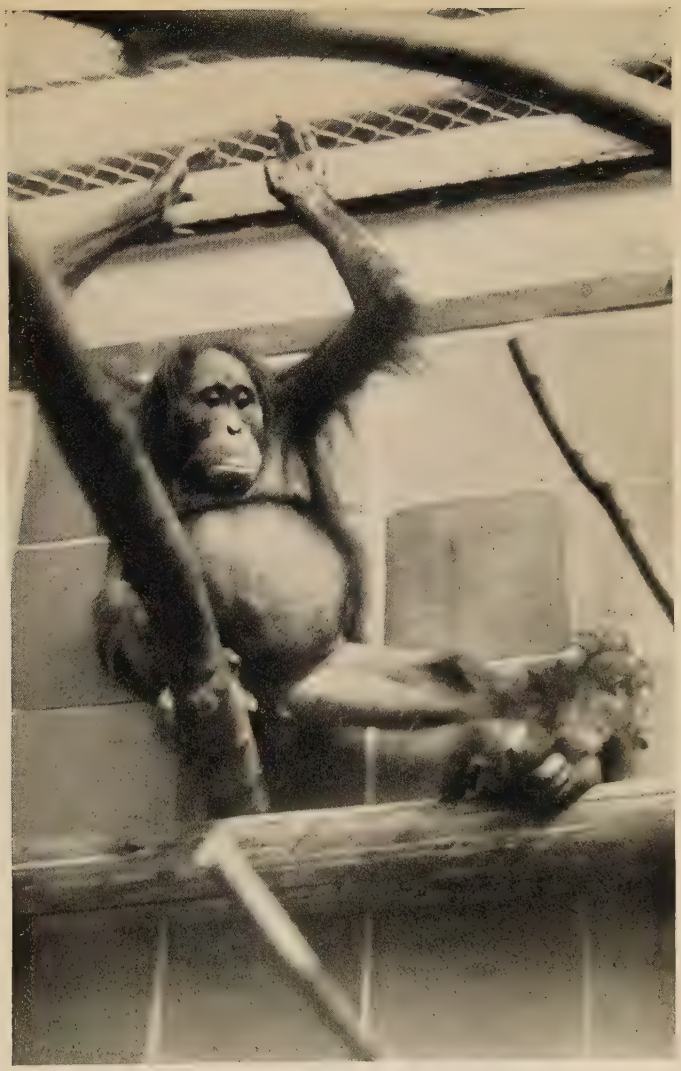
For the first time zoological science was given the opportunity of observing an orang from the day of birth, and Gustav Brandes, encouraged by his experience with Goliath, who had remained in excellent health, visited Alfeld and acquired the Orang mother and child for his collection. As the cage in the Dresden hippopotamus house was too small for a family of three, he built a side wing, airy and

roomy and fitted with a sliding glass roof. He installed a long cage that occupied nearly its whole area, leaving only a narrow gangway for visitors, and filled the cage with tree-trunks and every possible facility for climbing and nesting.

Here the family found a home—Goliath the stepfather, Suma the mother, and Buschi the baby. In the course of the last nine months I have often stood before this cage and watched these animals from the primitive forests of Sumatra, whose existence has so enriched my own life.

The association of the three succeeded beyond all expectation. Goliath greeted his new mate with tender curiosity and gave immediate evidence of strong paternal feelings. Unfortunately he soon afterwards fell seriously ill and crouched in a corner, causing his keeper grave anxiety. Untiringly Brandes sprayed eucalyptus, menthol and camphor, made microscopic examinations and finally cured the ailment.

From the moment that Goliath felt himself ill his song, that otherwise resounded day after day (once even during the night), and which sometimes lasted as long as four minutes, ceased. Neither had he sung during that time of spiritual trouble, when the boards were removed from the hippopotamus house and he saw for the first time the lions and tigers, prowling and springing among their rocks. The whole of that day Goliath climbed excitedly about his cage, gazing at the dreaded marauders, and only found his voice again when the window was whitewashed and he could no longer see them.



THEN THE MOTHER ORANG STRETCHES OUT HER LEG AND CAREFULLY DRAWS HER CHILD TOWARDS HER

An orang suckling is astonishingly human. Its almost hairless arched skull, the large eyes and as yet undeveloped snout stress its relationship to man. The expression of the face changes quickly, and often Buschi shows a tired, wrinkled, senile face that again is almost terrifying in its humanity.

For the first weeks the little creature hung with all fours to its mother, greedily drinking, and whimpered whenever the curious Goliath approached. His tiny body was extremely thin, with thin spidery arms and long legs and wrinkles—nothing but wrinkles. Only the pot-belly arched outwards, a good sign in every suckling. But soon this state of affairs altered. As a first step towards independence, Suma placed her child on the wire mesh at the bottom of the cage, and as soon as Buschi learned how to stand erect the first climbing exercises began, and Suma sat above in the branches and followed his every movement with her watchful gaze.

No sooner did any stranger appear in the room than she sprang upright with arms outstretched and her breast thrust forward and shrilled the alarm, a sequence of two notes, the first a high scream followed by a vicious dull grunt, and then her long hand stretched out across the cage and drew her helpless child protectingly to her breast.

Buschi resented these careful attentions, and scarcely had he snuggled for a moment to her breast than he wailed in a thin high squeak and struggled frantically to get away. He is never still for a second; now he is rattling the water-can, and a second later his ten inches of body are hanging

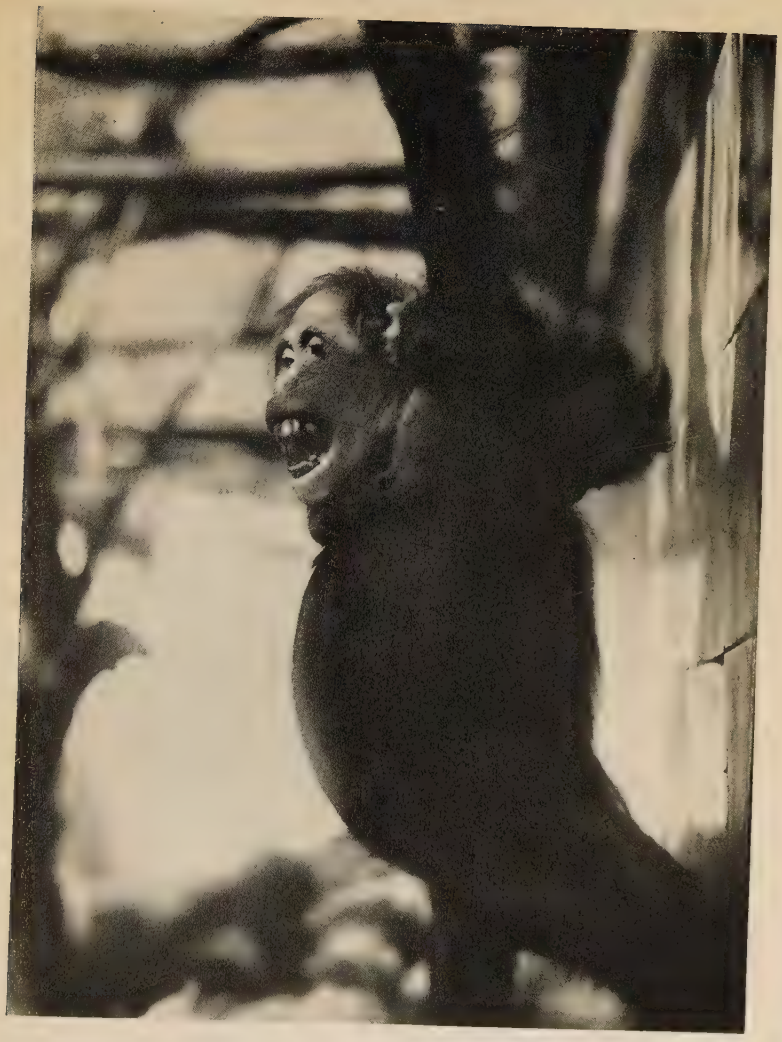
downwards from a branch and he is swinging in a circle, or he attempts what is most difficult of all, to walk on all fours on the ground.

The young tree-dweller falls on his nose with unfailing regularity.

From time to time the temperamental gnome throws a handful of straw over himself and plays at hiding. His mother falls into the trap good-humouredly and searches for him despairingly, while Buschi blinks at her through the straw with every evidence of excited attention. But most dearly of all, he loves to lick clean the eggshells which his stepfather good-naturedly puts aside for him.

If Suma is not careful Goliath gets hold of the child. There is no danger, for the old fellow has excellent paternal instincts, but every suckling must feed at regular intervals, and Goliath is not exactly adapted to this end. The mother snarls, barks and swears, and the keeper coaxes the old man to give up his treasure with bananas. Once the excitement lasted for nearly a whole day.

The Orang mother puts her child through a regular course of gymnastics. She hangs head downwards by her toes from the cross-beam of the cage and swings the child by the hands backwards and forwards below her, and Buschi squeaks with delight—or perhaps with fear. Sometimes she squats in the branches and stretches her long legs before her, which Buschi uses as a kind of horizontal bar. First he swings with both hands and then with one alone, and then he takes away his thumb and all his fingers one by one until the whole weight of his round plump body is



WHEN THE CHILD IS SAFE ON HER SHOULDER, THE MOTHER ORANG STRETCHES OUT HER ARMS, BARES HER TEETH AND SHRILLS A WILD ALARM

hanging from his mother's toe with the middle finger of the left hand.

Goliath seldom joins in these strenuous exercises—no doubt his advancing years are beginning to tell upon him—but when he is especially good-humoured he hangs downwards by his feet, and then his grotesque throat-pouch and beard flap down over his snout. But his slim mate romps in the most charming way from morning till night with her child, who, perhaps in confirmation of the theory of the Œdipus complex, kisses and caresses his mother all over her body—to the great delight of the temperamental lady from Sumatra.

At four months old Buschi weighed six pounds. He cut his first tooth on August 25th, 1927. Now he has fourteen and he weighs eleven and a half pounds. This is the record to date of his happy, healthy childhood.

WILD TIGERS ARRIVE

One day I received a telegram from an animal dealer: "Eight tigers, pair of leopards, three black panthers arriving tomorrow."

The large Indian Elephant on freight-yard duty pushed a heavy-laden van up to the carnivora house. The Hindu attendants unloaded the heavy iron-bound cases from the interior of which issued terrifying noises, and placed them each before an empty cage. The head keeper began to discharge

his onerous duties. As each box was securely lashed to the iron bars of a cage, he climbed on to it and raised the shutter.

There was a hissing, rattling cry and a heavy scuffle of paws, and a Tiger shot in a sheer leap like a flung torch from out the darkness into the cage.

With six of the cases everything proceeded smoothly, but the last two refused to leave; and neither hammering nor shouting was of any help.

"We'd best leave 'em there," said the head keeper, "and have lunch in the meantime," and he jumped down from the van and flung a hunk of meat into the cage.

When we returned both recalcitrants were out and about and we were at liberty to watch the long-legged, slim and bright-hued royal Bengal Tiger who but sixty days before had been prowling and marauding in the jungle. We were perhaps the first white men he had seen.

There was a great difference between this animal and the peaceful inmates of the Zoological Gardens, whose grandparents in many cases have been born in captivity.

The most intractable were the two young Sunda Tigers, twenty months old perhaps, and so at most only half-grown. They lay flattened like snakes in the back of their cages, heads pressed to the ground, and glared at us with phosphorescent eyes. The markings of their coats showed scarcely any white stripes, and their black and dark-yellow tails threshed the ground. They snarled viciously, like the hissing of a snake, made doubly effective by the stiffly bristling whiskers, which rustled like tough drawn glass. The Tigers

lay motionless, all life seemingly concentrated in their wild glare.

But it was the two Leopards which gave me the greatest fright. They sat crouched together in a corner, and did anyone approach their cage they flung themselves with an indescribable effortless bound, crashing against the bars as though they would smash down the barriers that separated them from their prey.

The black Panthers lay motionless with their heads curled into their paunches, and in the gloom their contours were scarcely to be seen. Then the tail twitched away from the head it encircled, and two gleaming slits widened to blazing balls of fire—eyes blazing fury in the darkness.

ELEPHANT BROKEN LOOSE!

This was the cry which met my ears when I awoke one morning in Stellingen. I jumped from the sheets more quickly than I had ever done in my life, but when I was dressed and out I found it already captured and firmly hobbled high above on the reindeer plateau.

A tiny youngster not yet the height of a man! It trumpeted indignantly as the hands which had brought its turbulent dash for freedom to an untimely end hobbled the left hindleg. The keepers told me what had happened.

Every morning at seven the Elephants take a stroll through the grounds of the park, a digestive stroll for health's sake. Small and large, the pachyderms trotted goodhumouredly one behind the other along the meandering

paths, each with an Indian at its ear. Suddenly the sixth Elephant, the young Indian cow, made a plunge to the side and gave the leader such a terrific butt in the flanks that the Indian squatting astride its broad head threw an excellent but involuntary somersault to the hard ground. Trumpeting wildly and joyously, the young Elephant galloped away. Fortunately at that early hour there were no visitors about.

The wild chase led past the beasts of prey, past the birds of paradise, the sea-lions and the penguins; and keepers and hunters ran for dear life in her wake. At last the Elephant was manœuvred into a cul-de-sac, hemmed in high above in the rocks; but it was an hour before they could tempt it with every art and lure known to them to step into the lasso that now circled its legs; and it took thirty-six men to haul the "little" Elephant back to its stall.

THE WHITE LIONESS

The one-year-old animal came from the capital city of Ethiopia to Berlin. It was said that she had never been encaged and that she had played in the courtyard of the palace with the children and all the domestic animals, and even with the soldiers of the emperor's bodyguard. It was therefore to be understood why the Lioness simply could not grasp the reason for the bars that hampered her games and play.

In the Zoo as well she wished to be in touch with human visitors, and especially with the children, who knew in-

THE LIONESS GREW TO GREAT BEAUTY—STRONG BODY, SHINING ALMOST SILVER COAT, FINELY CHISELLED HEAD

stinctively that here was a new four-legged playmate. She waited from early till late, and scarcely did any youngster in a sailor suit stand before her cage than she stretched out her forepaw and rubbed her head against the bars. Excitedly she lashed her tail against the ground. If the child took a pace to the left she sprang immediately in the same direction. The same movement to the right and it was not long before both were moving quicker and quicker, with the Lioness leaping in great arcs from end to end of her cage, visibly excited and happy.

Even in adults this delightful game snapped the ordinary bonds of social convention, and I have seen old gentlemen who, walking with dignity through the room, stopped smiling at her cage and ran backwards and forwards before and with her—to their mutual delight. A year passed, and the half-grown animal grew to great beauty, with a strong body and a shining, almost silvery coat, straight back, slim flanks, and a finely chiselled head. There was no trace of any of the rachitic weakness that is sometimes so painfully evident in animals born in captivity.

When the winter had passed, a side door of her cage rattled upwards and a magnificent Massai Lion, long-legged as herself, from now onwards shared the room with the Abyssinian beauty.

Then came the mating season, and often I saw the Lion's short-maned head stretch forward and the passionate roaring cry swell from out his jaws, and I saw the slim flanks quiver and the white moustache bristle between nose and fangs.

And when the autumn leaves were once more thick upon the ground the Lioness was hidden from view. Her cage was masked with wooden planks and the light above shut out with a roofing of felt. Hour after hour the keeper peeped into the room anxiously.

Three little yellow felines came into the world, and when their eyes opened the fence was taken down. The mother lay with heaving flanks, mature and heavy as a sphinx, and in the valley formed by her outstretched forepaws slept the three little ones. The eyes of the great animal appraised me mistrustfully, and then the great head lowered and there was happiness and mildness and pride in this movement, and with her broad tongue she licked their small brown-spotted bodies. They awoke; and their old wrinkled faces with the tiny ears began to move. One scrambled over his brother and sister from the shelter of the protecting paws out into the hay, and the others followed him.

The sphinx understood; she lay on her side—in all felines a gracious and beautiful movement—and her litter nestled to her breast.

EMU HATE AND FATHERLY LOVE

It is well known that the Emu is the Australian version of the ostrich, but I think it is less well known how complete is the emancipation of the female of the species. It is true that she lays her eggs year after year—up to eighteen in four weeks—but after that, maternity concerns her no longer. All the brooding is done by the male bird. He sits

for sixty days without interruption and undertakes exclusively the rearing of the chicks.

As soon as the chicks are out of the shell the female is confined in a neighbouring enclosure, and her husband begins his children's education with the first peep of the sun. He teaches them how to smooth their downy plumage with their beaks and marshals them as closely as possible about him. Most of their time the chicks spend thoughtfully pecking for food, but when they jump everything about them flutters, and with their long necks they steer and row, as it were, through the air. The ground-colour of their plumage tends towards white, but over the back and sides run horizontal stripes of brown which meet at the neck and form a very delicate spotted design on the head.

The old cock bird is fat and awkward and not very handsome; his dirty brown cylinder of a body rests horizontally on crooked legs, on which he stilts, a sorry figure, in and out his brood.

Near by, separated by a fine-meshed wire, in the next enclosure is his wife, a small replica of himself.

She cuts even a sorrier figure but is very phlegmatic about it. For a time both animals parade up and down their respective sides of the wire fence without taking the slightest notice of each other, but at last the hen bird approaches too closely and looks over at her chicks. And a volcano explodes.

With a stilt-like spring the cock bird flings himself at his unsuspecting mate. Like a spring flood against a breakwater he crashes against the wire fence, towers high for a moment, and recedes in fearful metamorphosis.

Everything about him becomes suddenly vertical, the horizontal body tilts upwards and the neck telescopes out from the plump breast ever longer and longer, until at last it is become quite thin and naked. Raging, he presses himself against the wire, a giant who overtowers his wife by nearly half his own height. The small pupils of his malicious red-brown eyes glare at her venomously and wry black plumage sweeps up over the bald dwarf head. His beak opens and he hisses wickedly, while the whole body twitches in a convulsion of fury.

The hen bird ignores the outburst, although a hail of sand beats about, and she walks, a horizontal beast of burden, pecking along her way; while her husband returns with a rustle of feathers back to the chicks, pecking in happy ignorance of parental incompatibility.

Time after time the cock bird flings his broad breast against the fence whenever he considers the female to have stepped too near his territory. In one evening alone I counted fifteen such outbursts. Fifteen times in one evening the father Emu had been prepared to lay down his life in defence of his chicks, in a blind protective fury and a hate of sex.

CASSOWARY

Like a blazing coloured beacon a mad fellow arises out of the distance: the one-lobed Cassowary, upon whose shining black, silky plumage all the colours glisten. He has dark-red wattles on his orange throat, amber-glowing eyes

set in a radiantly blue head, and from under a stout, sea-green helmet of horn there juts a black hooked beak.

Nature has indeed been generous with its favours to you, O Cassowary!

THE TURTLE—LIVE AND LET LIVE

The Hawksbill Turtle curves through the water with his wing-like flippers like some magic bird, dark armour, agleam with points and yellow flame, shining in the waning light. The bony skull is fixed like an eagle's beak on to the stretched neck.

The large creatures swim livelily, gracefully and beautifully in the transparent water; and then one suddenly recalls that in freedom they are inveterate preyers upon fish.

And yet delicate fish do swim about the Turtles, agile and unafraid, behind the thick glass. Among them are tropic rarities, even a Globefish, the peculiar creature with a parrot beak who can compress both air and water in his gullet, so that the whole body swells out like a round ball.

How does it come to pass that the Turtle does not devour these fish? Can turtles be tamed?

The explanation is simple—content and comfort. As long as they receive their rations regularly—and they receive these generously from the keeper's hands—they are quite content to dispense with the strenuous hunt for living food. At fixed intervals they circle up to the water's surface and float vertically, so that the sand-coloured paunch gleams yellow, and eye the keeper anxiously.

He watches his fingers carefully as he feeds them, for they snap greedily, and their jaws are sharp as knives.

The little fish play among them unconcernedly. They even feed upon the crumbs that fall from the jaws of these their deadly enemies.

PERSIAN PANTHERS

The two half-grown animals, a peculiar subspecies of leopard with a light sandy coat and beautiful markings, are still separated by a wire fence, but they sniff at each other through it and become more friendly from day to day.

The keeper has plucked and cleaned two chickens; he throws one to the young male. With a wild spring the Panther is upon it, seizes it and prowls the length of the cage, his long tail dancing and curving. He flings the dead bird over his back, turns swiftly, and with cruel grace begins to play with it. With alternate taps of the left and right paw he dribbles the titbit in a zigzag course across the bottom of the cage.

The Pantheress presses her nose flat against the dividing wire fence and must be called by the keeper before she notices the fowl in her own cage.

Both felines now start their wild chase, the feeding game of the beasts of prey. They carry their prey in their jaws, but each is jealous of the other and, in snarling, loose their booty and let it fall to the ground. As one hears the soft thud of the limp body it springs in the air like a bucking horse, then snaps it up again with a snarl and glides the length of

the smooth wall with an indescribable suppleness of gait. Only the swift-moving spots of their coats can be seen, sometimes up above on the roof, then somewhere close pressed to earth, here the one Panther, there the other, with the loose flapping wings and limp neck of their prey dangling under the bristling whiskers.

Panthers must have backbones more supple than Damascus steel. Once the female turned in the middle of a spring and flew up the tree-trunk. Her gleaming body had described a full circle in the air.

THE WATER BUCK

He came into the world towards the end of November in Berlin. The animal stands in his stall in a soft thick coat, an earnest youngster, grey-brown, plump and with large black round eyes. His head is constantly pressed against his mother's flanks as she stands thoughtfully chewing in the rays of the artificial sunlight. The father stands in the next cage, separated from them by iron bars. He cannot grasp why there are now two creatures where formerly only one had been. He would like to press his head through the bars and sniff at them, but that is impossible on account of his horns, lyre-shaped and ending in sharp points.

Like his parents, the young Water Buck has white spots round the eyes and muzzle, and a white stripe curves delicately from chin to neck; it is almost comic the way his hindquarters are beginning to develop the bright stripes that adorn his mother and father in speckless purity.

I have never seen the young one leap or spring; he walks reflectively about his mother, sucks at her for a time and then sleeps for an hour or so in the straw. Otherwise he stands motionless. He somewhat resembles a gemsbok. Everything about him is short and stubby—body, head, legs and stumpy tail. Only the ears seem to have grown beyond their proper length and are grotesque in contrast.

Often I tried to coax the phlegmatic youngster towards me, leaning against the bars with a piece of sugar resting on my flat palm and speaking to him softly. After a few abortive attempts he approached me gingerly, but three paces away from my hand he stopped, eyed his mother, and went back to her side. Day after day I made the same advances, and he became ever more curious about the white object in my hand, but always he turned his head and went away. Why did his mother never encourage him?

At last the soft warm muzzle snuffled in my palm and the stranger from Somaliland gazed at me trustingly with his velvety black eyes.

THE HOUSE OF ANIMAL SECRETS

The demand for orang-outangs became greater from day to day, and orders rolled in from all cities of both the old and the new world. The shipload of ape-men of May, 1927, had not sufficed, and in August of the same year Mynheer van Goens, successfully applying his protective methods of capture, again brought thirty-three orangs to

AN ORANG CHILD

Alfeld, where they were sold by Hermann Ruhe *en bloc* to North America.

But still inquiries came in from the zoological gardens of England, Germany, Russia, France and Scandinavia, and in March, 1928, a Sumatra steamer docked at Marseilles with nearly two hundred boxes on board, the result of a new expedition.

In the meantime Hermann Ruhe had converted a small zoological garden in Cros de Cagnes (French Riviera), belonging to Georg von Basilewsky, into an acclimatization station, where in future all tropic animals from India and Africa could recuperate after the long confinement of their Mediterranean journey.

Under the orange trees and palms a flock of African Crown Cranes, a hundred strong, parade on their stiltlike legs, and in the shadow of the tall silvery olive trees stretches a long, low log hut with a glass roof. It is housing for a few weeks a collection such as never has existed in the annals of mankind and of which no zoologist had ever dared to dream—forty-four Orang-Outangs of practically every age. Their iron-barred cages stretch along both sides of the log hut. Next to the entrance are four enormous ape-men, strictly separated from the others. Experts are of the opinion that none of these animals can be under sixty years of age. Each is a broad-shouldered colossus with powerful arms, made almost monstrous by the drooping coat of rust-brown woolly hair.

The gigantic back has a deep spinal channel. Their faces

are almost naked and double the size of that of a human being, and the little round eyes gleam close-set in the flat surface formed by the broad cheek pouches.

Each skull has its own distinct physiognomy and bony excrescences alter varyingly the form of forehead and face. The colouring of the hair differs extensively and varies from a flaming yellow-red to a brown which is almost black.

One of the monsters lies on his stomach and he blinks curiously at the passing keeper and then wriggles comfortably on to his side. The others fly into a furious rage whenever the slightest sound awakes them from their nap. With a vicious snarl the throat pouches swell out and their malicious fingers curve through the bars.

A pair of lovers are housed opposite, motionless in tight embrace. With touching patience the female beats the flies away from her companion, from his hands and from his nose, and scratches his thick shaggy coat.

Then come the ten cages which hold each an Orang family, father, mother and child, a tremendous revelation of the family habits of these highly developed mammals. A female Orang with shaggy mane and a high, powerfully modelled forehead sits leaning against the log wall. Her face is mild as she gazes tenderly at the suckling at her breast. She cradles him in her crossed arms and clicks from time to time as though to encourage her child. Scarcely does a human being approach the cage than the male shoots out a long arm and grips the bars. He shows his terrible fangs in a menacing grin, and sometimes he swings down to earth and rears upwards to a gigantic size.

THE LITTLE ORANG WHINES WITH WEARINESS

In one family the child is already a good size. He tyrannizes his mother and nips her playfully, and presumably bites as well, for often she utters a shrill shriek. The father is ill and coughs and sits melancholy in his corner, and only when the flies become too insistent does he slap at them with the back of his hand. He does it without haste, a dull thud against the wooden wall, but each time the tormentor is squashed.

The attendant approaches with the teapot, and at a call from Risch, the old experienced keeper who has travelled India for the Alfeld house since 1898, all the animals crowd forward to the bars of their cages; even the vicious and bad-tempered sit still. It is true they snarl until their turn has come, but then they stick out their long under-lip and form a kind of shallow basin in which they catch the stream of tea from the spout with great expertness. The keeper and his assistant are occupied the whole day with their feeding. The animals are still half-starved after their long journey, and must be fed continually. Seven hundred bananas a day are consumed, and in addition each adult Orang eats three to four white loaves of bread, six apples, nuts and a dozen oranges. In contrast to the smaller monkeys the Orangs display no greed when chewing their food, and spit out skin and pips very carefully.

When the animals were unloaded from their heavy transport cages and one of the paterfamilias espied the occupant of the opposite cage, a dark old bearded fellow sitting upright like a mountain troll, he fell into a furious rage. He picked up one-handed a heavy log which three men would

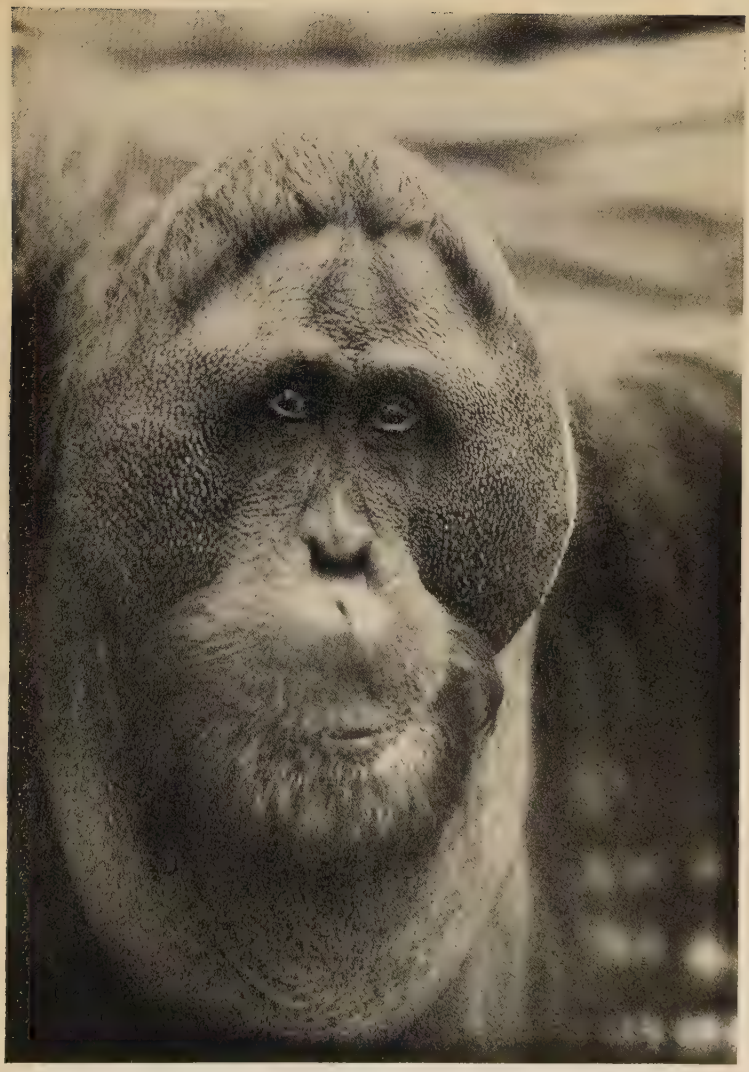
find it difficult to carry and smashed it down against the iron flooring of the cage with such force that speedy repairs and strengthening were necessary. In the next cage they were a good-humoured, happy family, and on the second day of our acquaintance I could scratch the head of the male Orang and tug the long fleece of his back, while the child clung around the keeper's neck with two tight arms.

It would take too long to describe each family; there are youngsters with great acrobatic ability, greedy couples, females who howl like wolves and males who are dreaded tyrants.

In many specimens the cheek pouches, probably provided by nature to scare away enemies, are entirely lacking, and the question whether these are specimens of a special subspecies, as was the belief up to the present time, has become doubtful as a result of this transport, as on a few of the animals a kind of intermediate stage can be noticed, while some of the females also show a distinct tendency towards them.

As the living freight was being unloaded, a young Orang was born in one of the cages. The child is now eight weeks old and is a lively and very human creature who climbs the whole day long. He chirrups like a bird and sometimes he weeps dreadfully. The greatest care of all is devoted to his mother; she is suffering from a kind of abdominal catarrh and lies lonely in her corner. She buries her head in the straw and maize leaves and howls with pain.

Professor Brandes, who came from Dresden to add another animal to his family of three, saved both mother and



THE ORANG LOOKS AT YOU

child from death by his devoted care. From his wealth of experience as a scientific zoological curator he compounded drugs and gave her medicines. The tiny, almost naked, dwarf he fed with masticated bananas and biscuits, and in a short time a great bond of affection developed between man and animal.

Each evening at sunset we waited motionless to hear if one of the old Orang males would sing, as Goliath is wont to do. Their figures became more dim, here and there one wriggled himself; and then it began. From some corner came a low sobbing sound like the pulsing of a distant motor. It rose and swelled, H-u-u-u-h, with deep sobs and respirations until it became strong as a lion's roar, O-o-o-o-o, to ebb away into a tremulous whisper. Pitch and tone varied in nearly every "singer."

One began his song with whistling sobs, a begging, coaxing, carrying sound, and stamped the time with his fists on the cage bottom. This was new to us, but at last we found an explanation. In the twilit room opposite sat two lovers in tender embrace, and as they kissed the male stroked the head and shoulders of his mate with a loving hand. Either he could scent them or see the first gestures of their courtship, as at each cry he uttered the female sprang hastily upwards and hid her head in the straw.

At last all was still and silent. On tiptoe we left the room, filled only with darkness and the deep breathing of the animals. Outside the stars were shining and the broad ribbon of the Milky Way flowed above us and the young moon curved like a sickle in the sky.

THE SNAKES FEED

Berlin Aquarium

Even snakes must feed. Not as often as lions, pelicans or elephants; their blood is cold and they can go for almost a year without any food when they are full grown and not casting their skins.

Three Pythons are coiled motionless in the glass cage and do not stir when the keeper opens the shutter and puts in a fine young twenty-five-pound pig.

The first legend is discredited—snakes do not hypnotize their prey. The young pig skips merrily about, sniffs the walls and scratches his back against the climbing-tree and worries as little about the snakes as they about him. He even sniffs at the coiled snakes with his twitching snout and one of them darts up its broad head and hisses a little. Alarmed, the pig skips back a couple of paces and the reptile lowers its head again.

Perhaps the pig is too large! Another, smaller one is given to them. The two youngsters gambol about until the gravel flies beneath their trotters. They bite and scuffle and notice not at all that an eight-yard-long Diamond Snake is gliding towards them.

Their fate is at hand, I think with a shudder. But the two pigs sniff at one another and the snake glides back to rest. Perhaps it would like a rabbit. A white one and a spotted one are put into the cage and feel so comfortable in the warmed room that they are very soon on the most intimate

of terms, close by the sleeping Pythons. There was "nothing doing."

Near by lies a Boa Constrictor, the South American snake-god. It is much smaller than the Python and is given a rabbit, which hops with confident unconcern on to its coils. Here also was a hunger-strike.

To the next cage. Three Anacondas live there, enormous snakes which are nearly blind and aware only of moving objects. Now the game becomes serious. Two rabbits hop about in the cage; a pair of gaping jaws dart like lightning from the coils and seize the rabbit. And the Anaconda winds its coils two or three times about it and drags it into the water-hole.

The tragedy has lasted five seconds, and the victim, half lying in the water, twitches but faintly.

But the other rabbit (brother? sister?) has surely heard his comrade's death shriek and is distraught with fright. Actually it sits twelve inches from the body, busy at its toilet, then it goes to the water-hole, hops over the corpse and drinks at ease.

I deduce the following conclusions: the prey is never conscious of its danger, and death ensues in a few seconds. Snakes kill their victims with far less cruelty than, say, the hawk, not to mention the deep-sea dwellers.

How do the poisonous snakes kill?

Under Doctor Heinroth's care young Rattlesnakes have been reared and are writhing about the miniature moun-

tain in the artificial sunlight of their cage. White mice are placed in it and they play about with the same unconcern.

One of the small light-brown Vipers darts forward, and the head recoils so quickly that I think it has missed its aim; but the mouse totters forward and falls. The poison fang has struck home—it is dead. The same thing happens to a second and a third mouse, and the same to the black rabbit that sits next to the African Puff-Adder and the rat in the cage of the Horned Viper. None of the victims so much as shuddered as the fangs struck; they never even felt it; and death occurred in every case in a few seconds.

Now a second legend must be exploded—be ye as wise as the serpent!

Measured by human standards, a snake is fearfully stupid. It has already been pointed out that these animals are only aware of moving objects, while they have not any trace of even the most primitive memory. Scarcely is their victim dead than they have already forgotten where the body lies, and it is entirely accidental whether they chance upon their food as they crawl about the cage. They feel blindly about it until they find the head, and then begin to swallow. Sometimes it happens that two stumble upon the same body at the same time, and then one begins to swallow from the front and the other from behind, and when they meet in the middle they still continue to swallow with the same lack of concern, until one has swallowed the other, and both must die unless some courageous keeper separates them with the pincers.

THE SNAKES FEED

The most terrible spectacle was offered by the feeding of the Tree-Snakes. Two specimens of the non-poisonous Australian Diamond Snake hung in a coil from the branches of their tree. Scarcely were rats loosed in the cage than they slid swiftly downwards, as though a lasso had been flung, the end lashed about a branch. As soon as the prey is seized the snake draws back, coiling his body twice or three times around its victim until it is choked. A few convulsive twitches and all is over. The Tree-Snake swallows as it hangs downwards, that is, it swallows upwards, and then re-coils itself turn by turn back into its nest in the tree.

Peculiar things happen in the aquarium. The inspector told me of a white mouse which had lived for several weeks in the cage of a poisonous snake. It had been put inside with several others, and the snake had swallowed them all except this single one. The snake's hunger was evidently appeased, and the little mouse had not the slightest fear of the crawling, venomous creature, and made itself a bed between the stones of the cage. And it happened that the ill-assorted occupants of the cage became used to one another, and the mouse ran along the snake's back, and the snake crawled over the mouse, and when the next feeding time came along he ate the strange mice which were put into his cage but spared his room-mate.

One should be careful not to construct any theory of spiritual affinity between the two animals from this little story. The snake was simply quite used to this one particular mouse.

NEW YEAR'S EVE AMONG THE ANIMALS

The zoo in winter is far different than on the hot summer days, when a stream of visitors walks its paths, and the wild sheep graze, and outside there are the elephants, zebras and swans, the young bears, sea-lions, and the merry squealing monkeys in their cage.

Following an old custom, I go on New Year's Eve alone into the garden and think with pleasure of the many hours in the past year that these animals have brightened and made happy.

The muddy paths stretch before me dim in the twilight and the trees stand in sharp outline against the glass-green sky. Inside the houses the animals are about to sleep. They have just been fed and the carnivora lie licking their paws and smoothing their coats, while the Elephant winds out his trunk to gather the last strands of hay, and the Oryx Antelope rattles the points of his keen horns against the bars of his manger. A Hartebeest licks a block of salt with a greedy tongue.

The Horned Ravens sit motionless on their perches; the Bears growl languidly over their turnips; the young Otters still curve playfully and gracefully through the water, while the mother lies on the stones of the shore and sniffs fragments of cockle and mussel shell.

But every creature is rejoiced by the sugar I bring, from the Wolf to the Weasel, to say nothing of Marabou and Crane.

As it is the eve of the New Year my pockets are stuffed tight with white bread, sugar and turnips, but they grow lighter and lighter as I pass from cage to cage.

It grows darker and I can scarcely recognize the keeper who is leaning against the exit waiting for his day to end that he may rejoice and greet the New Year.

At last I loose my fingers from the appealing clasp of the Night-Ape, who is my special friend and at whose cage I always end my visits.

Outside is the winter night; it is snowing and the paths stretch out like carpets of spotless white, and I can see no footprint on them and I know that they will receive none after mine. This year again I am the last visitor. The white crystal blanket falls and covers warmly each stall and stable, and it seems as though each beast and bird is ready for the long winter sleep. But in reality there is an intensity of life throbbing everywhere in the great garden. The females lie warm and anxious in their beds of hay awaiting their great hour, and soon the young ones will fill the air with their squeals, mews, crows and cries. The young Lion cubs will gambol in their cage and young Panthers and Jaguars and Leopards; and egg-shells will crack under the brooding hens and Llamas and Mountain Goats will rejoice in their kids. A notice on the bars of the Kangaroo enclosure announces: "The female is carrying young in her pouch," and the Brown Bear is growling suspiciously in the darkness of her lair.

DEATH STALKS THROUGH THE MENAGERIE

It was a night of despair. It was the dreadful night when the last Polar Bear lay fighting for breath and life and we poor humans could do nothing but stand helplessly by.

A "mixed lot," Hagenbeck's specialty for over forty years, had just arrived from Stellingen: bears of every shade, tigers and lions. In May they had all been youngsters when I saw them playing in the Stellingen training school.

The "mixed lot" worked for ten days in the Berlin Circus when one of the Polar Bears fell victim to some dread tormenting sickness. He sprang high against the walls, bit the bars of his cage and died in the night. In the second night a second Bear suddenly collapsed and died without uttering a sound. And on the third day the third Bear died—after greedily lapping up fifteen quarts of milk to try and assuage the tormenting fires that burned within him.

And now it was the night of the fourth day, and the fourth Bear, the last of the company, lay moaning and tossing in the straw, and we wondered: Will he too be dead before morning?

I could no longer sit in the canteen; I rose and crossed the tan of the ring, and in a few minutes I was in the carnivora house.

A small lamp burned dimly. In the darkness I stretched out my hands before me and trod slowly and carefully until the cages about me took shape and form. A human figure grew out of the darkness, tall and grey, and I could hear a

softly murmuring voice and the occasional dull clank of metal.

Now I was standing at his side. It was the old grey-haired trainer, "Papa," as he called himself to his beloved lions and bears. He did not notice my coming but stared with glazing eyes at the white form that lay on the straw behind the bars. It was the last of his Polar Bears.

I laid my hand on his shoulder and we stood silent. A sudden moan, deep, primitive, like the sigh of a tortured dying giant, and I shuddered and imagined it the despairing sigh of the dark night itself or else the voice of Death. It could not be the Bear, for the sound ebbed and swelled from out the blackness beyond.

After a time the old man took an iron bar, and, pushing it into the cage, he pressed it gently against the motionless Bear, but so tenderly that you thought of a mother caressing her child with a delicate finger-tip. We watched anxiously, but the bear made no movement. Again he stretched out the bar, and an eye gleamed dully and flickered, striving to perceive. I heard the old man mutter: "Thank God, he's still alive. Get better for my sake, old boy. If the last one goes too, I won't be able to stand it."

As he spoke, the words seemed to linger in the air about us, and again we heard the groaning sigh come stealing from out the black night. Again it came, and silent and shivering and filled with mysterious dread, I crept away, back into the light and the presence of my fellow-men.

The groaning in the night came from the sea-elephant.

It sleeps under water and rises at regular intervals to take breath above the surface.

The fourth Bear lived. It was still weak on its legs and came crawling to the bars when it saw the old trainer, and every two hours it lapped good broth and two raw eggs beaten in a little brandy. And as it crawled back to its straw the old man ran with light heart across to the lions and called his "children" with strange-sounding words. They came pell-mell at his call, each striving to be first, and hustled him by main force into the cage. There were tears in his eyes; he buried his two hands deep in a shaggy mane and with grateful heart felt one rough tongue after the other caress his old lined face.

MOTHER AND CHILD

Two silver-grey Kangaroos bound along the length of the bars. Then one stands and nibbles vigorously with his hare-mouth at the piece of bread in his forepaws. The other approaches enviously.

There is a sudden movement at her stomach and out peeps her youngster from her pouch. Its coat is thick and the tiny face is charming as a young hare's. The mother strokes it with soft paws and looks militantly about for any danger that might threaten from human beings.

For weeks the spectacled Penguins dug and scraped in the sand of their enclosure. They carried pebbles and stones and built high nests against the brick wall, and it was seldom

that they waddled about in their black frock-coats but sat their eggs devotedly day and night. On Advent Sunday six tender little Penguin babies looked out surprisedly from their eggs. They were rarely to be seen, for no sooner did the mother go in search of food than the father waddled conscientiously and quickly to take her place. Here and there they squeaked under his soft down. In the next days there were further surprises in store for them in this new strange world.

Hagenbeck's latest acquisition is two young Walruses, smart little fellows with large faithful eyes, good-humoured in spite of their military whiskers. At every opportunity these children of the North Sea love to muzzle against a human hand.

The light grey Dwarf Asses shriek and cannot overcome their disquiet at the sight of their newly arrived cousin on the right. It is an African Giant Ass with a coat almost black, and as large as a full-grown horse, and appears even larger in contrast to the two Shetland Pony mares and their toy-like foals. Born only a few days before, they stand on uncertain legs, and when they suckle they wag their woolly tails in great excitement.

There has been an increase in nearly every family among the ruminants and in nearly every stall a young calf skips and buckjumps, snow-white with black-tipped ears and a little ebony muzzle, or grey-brown, spotted, smooth-coated or shaggy-haired.

The Bisons too are rejoicing in parenthood and the mighty bull walks proudly, at his heels a young bull-calf, light brown and still quite woolly, with little ringlets.

On Easter Sunday I visited the depot of the newly arrived South American transportation. During the voyage, somewhere in the middle of the Atlantic, a Tapir had been born, and now for the first time in its life the little miracle stood on firm ground. It trotted about under its mother like a suckling pig, a lively child with a plump body and large shapeless head, and as though to heighten the grotesque impression, yellow stripes ran down its stomach, back and legs, and even the head was spotted yellowy-white.

Two small and charming creatures are playing on the bare rock plateau, young Reindeer, sand-coloured the one and the other pearly-grey, zoological rarities in the temperate zone. They gambol about their mother and nibble Iceland moss, and climb with careful surefootedness over crag and rock up to that high peak where sprouts a strange cactus-like growth. Suddenly it moves and a Reindeer bull stands silhouetted against the blue sky, like some fossilized monster of a younger world.

THE MAIMED LEOPARD

One week-day I was alone in the miniature zoo of a provincial town. The animals were asleep in the midday sun and all was so still and quiet that I could hear the rustle of

a chestnut blossom as it fell to earth. I sat on a bench by the lakeside opposite the monkey cage, whose odour, I remark in passing, was not exactly ambrosial. Then suddenly—as such things always happen—I saw a small tablet on the bars with the inscription:

Leopard, Felis pardus L., Africa

What, I thought, a panther among the monkeys? And I hurried across to the cage. Sure enough the cage bottom was littered with bones and shreds of torn meat, and a square hole yawned at the back, but of the Leopard there was no trace, and the monkey odour was too powerful to discover the smell of any beast of prey.

A mistake, I thought; but remained standing there and imitated the purring of a suckling panther. The nearest monkeys sprang upright and chattered a little but did not fly in terror. I called again and heard a dull thud behind the wall as though some soft heavy body had fallen to earth. And then again there was silence.

At last in response to my continued call the Panther's head peered through the square hole of the back wall, with green blinking eyes, and then he stalked slowly and beautifully into the light of the sun. He had been asleep in the tree in the inner cage, and now he stretched sleepily and sneezed and wrinkled his nose. Perhaps, I thought, in distaste of the monkey odour in the summer heat.

Slowly and shyly he advanced, and then curling himself into a ball, seemed to sleep again and would give no ear to my call. But as I turned to leave he sprang forward to the

bars and followed me with his large eyes. I walked around the lake and then looked backwards, and I could see that he still sat there gazing at me steadily. Then I knew what he desired, and going back to the cage, pushed my hand through the bars towards his head.

"That's a good old boy," I whispered, and he pressed and rubbed himself against my scratching fingers like a cat and then glided to earth and wriggled voluptuously, showing the white fur of his paunch. It seemed to me that a flood of gratitude poured out from beast to man—joy that I had broken the terrible monotony of his solitude among these grinning, chattering apes. He purred aloud as my hands stroked and caressed him.

For an hour we played together, but I could not induce him to stand upright against the bars.

Later I learned the reason—the Leopard was crippled. The tail, the most beautiful part of his body, was missing. Like a fox-terrier, a small stump wagged from his haunches. And I thought with sorrow that this noble beast must feel a double solitude, strange and misunderstood, and condemned to hide the shame of his misfortune in the darkness of his cage.

THE MIRACLE OF THE BIRDS

A downy feather floats from the canary cage through the still air. A bubble breaks loose from a reed and aëry pearls rise from the swampy bottom to the surface of the lake.

Miracles of beauty these, that we pass unnoticed on our

way. When will we learn to pause in time? When will we learn to *see?*

Evening

In the branches of the leafless tree sits a white Peacock. The line of it is noble and the colour sober and pleasant, even though it lacks the gleaming green-blue of its brothers. He looks across the next cage and sees two Peahens among the flock of gobbling turkeys; and he hops down from his perch.

The long white mass of his tail, this thick physical white that trails like a train behind him, slowly ascends and rustles apart. It rustles faintly like fine silk as it slowly spreads its great circle and, transfigured, the Peacock is become—white tremulous radiance.

A marvellous filigree, ever-moving, thin as air itself; a cascade of light, shot with the gleam of the setting sun.

Midday

A striped cat suns itself on the gravelled main-path and I stoop to stroke it. It purrs a while and then stalks slowly through the bushes towards the lake.

I watched it as it disappeared through the green undergrowth—and felt suddenly enchanted.

Is it a Fata Morgana that stands there between the trees of this magic land? Is it the work of some long-dead master of old China, pure in line and tremendous with harmonies of colour?

Two beech trees embrace to form an arch of branches, and

between them gleams the mirror of a lake, a radiant symphony of pink and white.

And magical transparent creatures sway almond-shaped bodies with long rippling necks on tall stilt-like legs. They stand out gleaming against the green of the foliage. Here a pink speck swims in the midst of shimmering white and there glows an impudent splash of cinnamon. Long curved beaks cleave the air.

In the trembling midday light each shape and form is twice reflected in the lake's surface and each movement of body, beak and leg is a three-fold movement. And not a sound or movement near at hand disturbs the eye.

They are, of course, creatures as real as you or I—a flock of Flamingos in some zoological garden or other. But there are some things to be seen not only with the eye but with the soul; fairy-tales and marvels that bridge both time and space.

Early Morning

The garden is opened at seven o'clock in the morning. If you enter at this hour and visit the house that is in the form of an Egyptian temple you will find the storks, kangaroos and porcupines still sleeping.

The air is oppressive and moist as in a hen-house and there is a heavy animal smell. The animals scarcely move and then only languidly as though their lungs lacked oxygen.

The huge Somaliland Ostrich amuses himself in the pose of a figure in an Egyptian relief. To the left are seven quite young Ostriches, delicate and with light grey plumage. They squat on the ground and look like water-flowers from

THE OSTRICH'S HEAD IS NEARLY NAKED: THE BEAK IS A POWERFUL WEAPON. HIS EYE LOOKS AT YOU, DEEP GLEAMING, TILL YOU UNDERSTAND HIM AND ALL HIS PROBLEMS AND DESIRES

whose petals rise a long spike of blossom. They squat quite motionless; only the long neck sways slightly in the midst of the silver feathers.

The head is naked and bare and the beak forms a powerful weapon; skinless bones, hollow nostrils; a sandy lid covers the eye-sockets.

Stand a while before the fence and hiss gently and you will see the lid rise slowly, like a safety-curtain. And now all is beautiful; large, deep-gleaming and alight with life, you see the eye gaze upon you and you feel and perceive the creature and all its problems and all its desires.

Time to go! Outside, the keeper is rattling his keys in the door that leads to their open enclosure. Hurry out to the fence!

A play begins, a furioso equal to the war games of Arab horsemen.

The seven young Ostriches catapult into the open and delight in the fresh morning air, and dance and flap and hop and spring and dash off in wild pursuit singly and in pairs. Their hymn to the sun lashes to a frenzy, becomes motion in itself.

Their appearance becomes quite different. The body swells and doubles its bulk, their feathers preen and the wings, until now close-folded to the body, sweep through the air in great curves. Between them the neck curls inwards and they hiss through open beaks, an outlet for their superfluous strength.

One of them whirls in a circle on one leg. Its neighbour flaps wide wings and tries to conquer gravity and hangs for

a second in the air. Two others fight in a turmoil of kicks and slashing beaks. The remainder have long ago discovered the feeding box, but this couple still circle about each other in vicious combat. They are lovers, and after the fashion of their kind they are declaring their love in the first fresh hour of day.

SIBERIAN TIGERS

Even during the winter they remain in the outer cage but attract little attention, as most visitors at this time of the year hurry into the warmth of the houses. But these Manchu Tigers fascinate me; I call them with the purring cry of the animal trainer.

The male Tiger at first gave me not the slightest heed but continued to pace his radiant heavy body the length of the cage on his supple limbs. Suddenly the female stalked to the bars, listened and lay down. Her yellow eyes fixed upon the man standing before her, then she blinked and stretched her paws comfortably through the bars. A few minutes passed but she made no answer to my call. And when at last I left and turned my back the Tigress sprang snarling high against the bars, so suddenly that I felt a hail of sand on hands and head before I could turn to see her bared fangs.

A few weeks later I was on friendly terms with the Tiger. He still prowled endlessly the length of the bars, but as he approached me he growled as though burdened with news to relate and rubbed his heavy woolly head against the bars,

WHEN THE SIBERIAN TIGER OPENS HIS JAWS, HIS FANGS EMERGE LIKE TERRIFYING DAGGERS AND HOT BREATH RATTLES FROM HIS THROAT

and he yawned and wondered, I am certain, why I never accepted this invitation to scratch him.

The attitude of the Tigress was peculiar. She rose immediately from her bed and blinked at the first sound of my call but turned aside as soon as she approached within two yards of me. Behind the rocks she crouched and listened to that whispering call no feline can resist, and when I persisted she came forth under its spell once more. Then she turned her head, circled about her mate and bared her fangs; but all her attempts at resistance were in vain: I continued to coax and whisper and, as though released from a spring, she gave one straight bound and rose to her full magnificent height against the bars. She stood there on hindlegs, whiskers bristling, the white silk of her paunch agleam.

The feeding of the two animals is a terrific spectacle. First the male receives his enormous share, some twenty pounds of meat, and while the keeper spears the second piece on his fork the Tigress bounds furious and silent from side to side, almost bursting with expectation. She does not dare attempt to touch the meat that lies before her outstretched mate; she knows too well the force of his claws. When he bares his jaws his two fangs emerge like terrifying daggers and hot breath streams threateningly from his jaws. The Tigress curves over his majesty like a dome of flame, red, black and yellow.

In May, 1928, the Tigress grew surprisingly sluggish. She rarely moved from the rock plateau beyond and paid no heed to her mate, who prowled along the bars and followed

with his gaze the white ouzel which for years has nested behind the carnivora house.

One evening I watched as she slowly descended to drink, and I wondered why she had not yet shed the winter coat that increased her girth to such proportions.

The next three days she was not to be seen and to my surprise, on July 2nd, a young Siberian Tiger was born into the world. For many years all attempts to breed among the Tigers had met with ill success, and it is not surprising that the youngster was given especial care. The first six weeks in the life of the offspring of these two Tigers from the River Amur were spent in—the head keeper's bedroom.

But at the end of July he became the common property of the visitors, and the Tiger cub gambolled with his nurse, a young and lively shepherd bitch, in the sunny meadow. She lavished devoted attention on his physical well-being and development, and sprang loudly barking in a circle around him, pushing her shining black nose playfully into his pot-belly and carried him—her stepson—carefully in her jaws.

Often the young Tiger flattened in the grass like a snake and sought, with the instinct of the beast of prey, to make the sudden death-dealing spring. A sudden snarl and he tried to bound towards her on his unsteady little legs, while the Alsatian stood with wagging tail in readiness to repulse the attack. But his strength failed him and he toppled over in the grass on to his back and mewed and kicked his fat legs.

He sees my finger enticing him to play. Yes! he would

like that very much and he comes to the bars with the greatest interest and cocks his woolly head—but is confronted by the problem of how to raise his paws on to the brick ledge. All attempts fail and in great disappointment he attempts a cat-leap. His face is full of folds and wrinkles.

The Tiger cub sucks alternately at his foster-mother and at the milk-bowl which is really intended for his nurse. If she comes towards him, out of pure maternal anxiety, he snarls and prepares to defend his possession. His paws claw at his big comrade and now he really looks funny—the "threatening tiger jaws" drip white with milk. Fearless, protecting, and as though it were a matter of course, the bitch licks her charge's face with her broad tongue and reveals his pink nose, which together with the pale grey eyes are the chiefest charm of the little Manchu Tiger.

BOBBY, THE GORILLA

In the spring of 1928 the rumour suddenly spread that there was a young gorilla in Marseilles.

Hermann Ruhe was at this time in his acclimatization garden in Cros de Cagnes with his forty-four orangs. He was on the spot before his English and French competitors and secured the prize by a hair's-breadth. And thus I was given opportunity during my week of study in Cros de Cagnes to make a thorough observation of the African ape-man from the very beginning.

To judge by his teeth, "Bobby" is about four years old. He

was caught as a suckling in the depths of the African forest and spent the first three years of life on his captor's farm. Apart from the fact that Bobby is the only gorilla alive in Europe today, these three years of captivity are the most extraordinary fact about him and of the greatest importance for his future. It is true that before the war young gorillas occasionally made their appearance in Europe, but all of them died quickly. It must be remembered that these animals in freedom have a special diet—fruits, shoots of young plants and bulbous roots that are simply impossible to obtain in captivity. And so the majority died from a disease of the stomach when transported immediately from their native forests to our temperate zone.

A small Chimpanzee which had been Bobby's playmate for the last eighteen months in their home in Kamerun was acquired at the same time.

I stood in front of their cage watching the two eat their rice pudding and spoke with Risch, the old keeper and Indian traveller. Suddenly he said to me: "When are you going back to Berlin? You can take the Gorilla and Chimpanzee with you. We're making a magnificent transport cage and they'll both be used to you by the time you're ready to leave." He bent his grey head towards me and whispered confidentially: "They've both been sold to the Berlin Zoo—they telegraphed an hour before the New York offer arrived."

I had no hesitation, and the next few days saw me a full-blown keeper, and I must admit that both animals met me half-way in smoothing the path of friendship. They were both charming youngsters, who desired nothing more than

my whole and undivided attention to their food and games. If I left them a moment they threw themselves on their backs and kicked despairingly. They dreaded boredom.

The journey began with difficulties. In the first quarter of an hour our car with which we intended to meet the Nice train was held up by a regiment of soldiers using the motor road. When at last it was clear, there remained nothing for it but to race the train to Monte Carlo, and there we caught it and unloaded the transport cages on to the rails for the first time.

There were new difficulties at the Italian border; and then we retired to a sleeping berth for thirty-eight hours. Professor Brandes, who had been visiting Ruhe to try and acquire a second orang husband for Suma in addition to old Goliath, travelled a part of the distance with me.

The news had spread through the train like wildfire—the only gorilla in Europe is on board—and there was a steady procession of curious passengers knocking at our door. Dining-car waiters brought fruit; ladies looked interestedly in the cages and held their handkerchiefs to their noses; and Fascist officers, Englishmen, Germans, Frenchmen and Americans admired our two tea-drinking simians.

The next morning as the train circled Lake Lugano we opened the cages and with one bound the Chimpanzee was hanging round my neck. The Gorilla rose with dignity and regarded his surroundings, and then swung with decision into Professor Brandes's lap. That was the beginning of a

long day which two animal-lovers spent with two animal friends while the express swayed and rattled through the St. Gothard across Switzerland and into Germany.

The Gorilla is already a creature of decided personality, observant and interested in everything that goes on about him. He stations himself, curious, at the window, supported by his burly arms, revealing plainly the muscles of his powerful back. The round head is set between extremely broad shoulders. There is little or no neck. Short grey-brown hair covers the whole body in a greenish shimmer. From head to toe Bobby measures some twenty-eight inches.

When the mountains loom over the swaying train the Gorilla becomes frightened. As we travelled through the long St. Gothard tunnel he did not notice the darkness outside—a light burned in the compartment—but played happily with a walking-stick that dangled from the clothes-hook. But when we emerged and again a landscape filled with trees and houses and light and shade swept past us, Bobby stopped his play and fled to my arms and hid his face between my jacket and vest. We passed through many tunnels and each time on emerging he sought refuge in my arms, and then I scratched his back and held long whispering conversations with the scared Gorilla.

After a time he looked out from my jacket like a little child—his curiosity had been again aroused by something or other. He played for minutes with the chain of my pince-nez and then drew his finger softly along the curve of my lips, but suddenly a whisker distracts him or he tries to untie

BIG-EYED, THE GORILLA CRITICALLY AND ATTENTIVELY EXAMINES EVERYTHING THAT MOVES

the knot of my cravat. If I forbade these attentions he was immediately roused to chattering resistance and kicked and pushed with all fours. Sometimes I gave him a friendly slap. For the most part this slight admonition sufficed, but once he snarled and bared his fangs so that I saw the jaws gleam red and the thick nostrils distorted in a grimace. And he bit heartily into my arm. In defending myself I noticed how powerful were the neck muscles, and it took both of us all our force to master him. But suddenly he became friendly again and cuddled and kissed me by placing his arms tightly about my neck and nibbling tenderly at my ear. Suddenly weary, his head sank on my breast and he breathed deeply, holding fast with both hands.

The Chimpanzee was a nervous, undeveloped creature. In my heart of hearts I have no liking for chimpanzees, their imitativeness disturbs me, and if I see them riding bicycles, sitting at table in human clothes or smoking cigarettes and playing cards, the animal atmosphere is dispelled for me for ever.

But this Chimpanzee, Bobby's comrade, wants nothing more than warmth and affection. He curves his snout into a megaphone, chatters and clicks, twitches his long ears and rubs his childish coffee-brown face against his companion's. He takes the services of the big Gorilla as a matter of course; in Cros de Cagnes I had already noticed that it was the Chimpanzee who always had the best corner in the hay-bed and that Bobby allowed him to take all the blanket without any protest.

During the journey the Chimpanzee was quite uninterested. He breathed with difficulty and sneezed as we passed through the St. Gothard tunnel. But as soon as food appeared on the scene his nervousness showed itself in terrible outbreaks. Even when both cheeks were so stuffed with milk and rice that he could swallow no more, he shrieked and squealed and begrudged the Gorilla every mouthful of banana. He even threw himself raging on the ground and hammered it with tiny fists and bared his "milk fangs." The Gorilla did not heed him. He sat upright in his corner with his pot-belly curving before him. His thick black fingers curved about an apple, and he ate it with appreciation, chewed the sweet fruit slowly piece by piece between his teeth, smacked his black lips and placed the thin peel decently at his side. Even the cleanly gnawed crusts of white bread he left over for the human beings.

From time to time the Gorilla did a little exploration. With one sheer leap he sprang over the folding table into the opposite seat, stretched himself to full height and hammered against the wall with both fists. Then he did a little gymnastics on the clothes-hook, and swinging into the baggage rack, sat on the trunks above like a Chinese Buddha. Then he swung from the rope of the upper sleeping berth over our heads and—plumped suddenly on my shoulder and scrambled with all his fingers in my hair.

That amused him. He addressed me with a couple of quick interested words, sprang down to the seat, lay on his back and clapped his hands, jumped to his feet, flew upwards again, climbing and swinging, and drummed on

his chest powerfully and continuously. A long-drawn-out H-u-u-u-h betrayed that he was feeling good.

When I ordered a ham sandwich the Gorilla demonstrated his quickness of action and decision. I placed the plate opposite him on the baggage rack and stood very near at hand. The Gorilla looked up and sprang at the wall. I reached out my arm, but Bobby had already clambered over two trunks, swung himself forward by the bed-rope and snatched away the sandwich triumphantly as my hand closed on the plate. He ate the ham and flung away the bread.

That was the last trick Bobby played on the journey. Peaceful and in close embrace, the two animals slept from Frankfort to Berlin through the whole night, and the next morning the Director of the Berlin Zoo took charge of the valuable treasures.

Unfortunately the Gorilla was at first alone in his cage. A children's specialist examined the Chimpanzee and diagnosed inflammation of the lungs. The poor creature lay in the zoo hospital fighting for breath and watching for a visitor with dull anxious eyes. And when he was left alone again he whimpered and wailed as though heartbroken.

But Bobby, sound to the core, daily discovered new marvels. One morning tree-trunks and branches criss-crossed his cage and there was no longer need to squat on the floor. He could climb to his heart's content and swing head downwards hanging by the feet.

And on another morning he found a thick rope hanging

down half the cage's height. He sniffed the novelty and bit it a little with his fangs and suddenly he remembered. "The lianas in the forest hung down like this when the family moved its feeding quarters and made its way through the bush." He gripped the rope and swung like a demented pendulum in wide circles through the air.

Suddenly he somersaulted neatly to the ground and hurried, fists clenched, on all fours to the cage door and spied through the aperture at the bottom, complaining loudly. With the excellent hearing of the forest animal he had heard his keeper's step, and in a few seconds the door opened. Bobby hung affectionately round "Father" Liebetreu's neck and his large brown eyes begged for titbits—bananas, peanuts, oranges, biscuits and white bread.

When the warm summer days arrived the floor of the outer cage was laid with parquet and fitted with climbing trees, swings and hanging ropes.

But the finest surprise of all was the reunion with his friend the Chimpanzee, now discharged hale and well from hospital. Words cannot express the rejoicing of these two animals, but the crowd of spectators about their cage testified day by day to the delight and merry games of the two comrades from the farm in Kamerun.

Broad and massive, the Gorilla sits like a piccaninny on the cross-beam. In his hand he carries a long leafy twig and the Chimpanzee is very anxious to be given a portion. Again and again he climbs circuitously to the beam. But his wary cousin unconcernedly lets him approach and then sticks out his red tongue like a gamin, and at the last second flashes

to the ground like an arrow. He blinks and nibbles at the leaves.

But when the Chimpanzee whimpers he brings him the leafy twig and dances before him and claps his hands until the little fellow is soothed again.

It is impossible not to fall under the spell of Bobby's charm; he is simply a child, a quiet, reflective little creature. And one day with due care he will be that which we have never yet seen in a zoo—a full-grown male gorilla.

African explorers report that a full-grown male attains a height of nearly eight feet and weighs seven hundred and fifty pounds.

A PUMA AND A DREAM OF LIFE

Sometimes we dream and in our dream it seems that all things attain immensity. We see a high mountain range and stretch out our arms and seize it with our fingers, and over the curve of flesh and muscle a long caravan goes journeying, quite inevitably and quite naturally.

Or we lie in slumber with relaxed limbs and do not know whether we are falling or whether something is swinging us on high. But we feel our body expand to fill all space and the earth with its valleys, rivers and trees and cities. And we know we are transparent—in our dream.

At times this happens in the midst of our usual day, in our waking hours. The ear-drums beat and throb and a pleasant weakness makes us uncertain of our feet. And

suddenly we can gaze through and beyond all things about us. They are become transparent—in broad light of day.

I stood in the carnivora house. High above in the tree branches sat a beautiful Puma, the silver lion of the Cordilleras. Its coat was a decided brown with a tendency towards red, an unusual thing this, for most are the colour of sand.

In the back of the cage a piece of fencing slanted against the wall and in the dim light I thought it a frame with a stretch of canvas. But suddenly two tiny creatures scrambled out of the makeshift cave—kittens with long ears and shrewd round eyes. They were young Pumas born but a few weeks before.

I was charmed with their sweetness so long as the woolly baby heads peeped from their hiding-place, but then they came nearer and I saw that on their golden yellow coats (with the tendency towards red inherited from their mother) were dark brown stripes and spots. They were tiger-marked to the tips of their little tails.

Suddenly there seemed to gleam through the cage bars a high curving map of this our earth. The contours of the land masses stood out clear as the seas that lay between.

But the gleaming expanse of waters shifted and disappeared and islands rose up and sank again, and over the bridges of land moved the shapes of animals, a mighty caravan journeying through endless time. Again it changed and blue oceans spread across the green land masses and then became still, and again I saw the map of this our

earth. The animals now roamed confined within the familiar outlines of the two Americas and I saw the Siberian camel, the water buffalo of the Ganges, the panther from Asia Minor and the Island tiger of Sumatra. And in the changing light I saw them change shape and form and I saw the llama, the bison, the jaguar and there the golden-yellow puma, with two cubs that were striped like tigers.

CLOUD ANIMALS

I landed on the shores of that paradise of birds, Bengt Berg's Swedish island, and saw silver pike swimming above me in the azure bowl of the heavens. My eyes had unlearned the horizon's distance amid the stones and bricks of the city, and now they devoured the great cloud fish as, bizarre and distant, they changed colour and form. Now milk-white, soon they shone yellow and gold and turned to red, streamed out into long banners and gleamed blue and violet. A long time they waved, and then drooping, they paled from grey to grey until they covered the sky with their cold veil. And the sea caught the light of the setting sun and turned blood-red.

It was my hour of fulfilment to stand thus at the water's edge and read the clouds, to watch them in the early morning as they spring light, fresh and crisp before the east wind, or when the cirri hang in the sky like wool on the thorn bush; or the low-hanging rain-clouds and the fantastic, turbulent masses that foretell the storm.

The cloud-banks sweep from over the oak forest in the west, tossing and merging, gleaming white and grey, blue, dark green and ominously black. They sweep to the muttering of the storm out to the sea.

Two buffaloes charge madly through the last blue stretch of sky, forelegs doubled, heads lowered, so that their mountainous humps rise grotesquely into heaven. They are followed by a grasshopper of a primitive world, enormous, and with nervous, crooked, spidery legs; a creature of evil, an enemy. And at its heels a tiny plump-bodied calf; while above the whole procession a herd of wild boar, strung out like pearls on a necklace, root their silent snouts in the levels of the sky.

The heroic storm-clouds sweep across the Baltic Sea, eating their way into the distant heavens, and I sit at the water's edge and gaze over the eleven miles of sea to the island that rests upon the waters.

Suddenly all upon it becomes clear, painfully clear, and with my glass I can see the sunlit green of the meadows, the white church, red houses and the chimney of a mill. It is so near, so tangibly near, that the eleven miles of water that separates us has vanished.

Some five minutes pass and then the storm-clouds gather and hang above the island, droop down until they are pierced by the church spire and leave only a narrow strip of horizon, a dark green prism of light suspended by invisible strings from the grey above.

Black parallel lines slant down from the cloud masses to the island below—the first storm-lashed rain. Ten

minutes later it is swathed in grey, while the sun beats warm upon my back. Now and again the chaotic tumbling cloud-wrack above the island shivers yellow and red—lightning is flashing.

A quarter of an hour later a rainbow gleams and arches the whole heavens, swept clean by a magic hand of the storm's wild fury and the mad stampede of the cloud animals.

At midnight we sit on the veranda of the house and listen in the darkness. A young swallow pipes plaintively and the soft beat of wings tells the passage of the owl. We are silent.

There has been trouble during the day. A dog has to be shot. It was young and impudent and fond of breaking into the garden. Today he worried a hen pheasant that, trusting us, had made its nest in the strawberry beds near the pathway. The dog flew at the sitting mother and snapped her tail-feathers as she rose from the nest, and now five eggs lie cold and neglected.

A shot rings out in the night. Under the first oak of the wood, twenty paces from the window of my bedroom, the robber has paid the last penalty.

The sea is restless and the boats toss against the piles under the landing stage. In the early evening we had caught a couple of codlings and left them lying in the boat. In the meantime the rats have been there and have gnawed the eyes out. In this midnight hour the white horses gallop wildly to the pebbly shore and rear, odorous and agile, into the creeks

of the islet, where the wild geese sleep on one leg, heads folded in their wings.

I rise and go to the guest-house in the wood. There is silence and great darkness and I hear the strange cry of the Casarca duck from the Tibetan mountains rise from the sea—and sleep. I am visited by dreams and dreadful visions and suddenly with beating heart I awake. A child is crying, chains rattle and there is the dull thud of blows. A long time passes before I can collect my thoughts.

Who is crying? There is not a child for miles around. But something is crying! I listen intently—outside my window rises the moaning cry. *The dog?*

"The spirit of the dog that was shot today," I think, and a shudder runs down my back. It needs all my strength of will and nerve to open the window and stare out into the night. Heavy raindrops beat against my brow and the wood groans and creaks in trunk and limb. That was the wailing I had heard.

Suddenly the moon shone through the cloud-bank and I shrank back in dread. Large and fierce, jaws gaping and with bristling hair, a dog scuds across the night sky, a cloud-dog, the werwolf, and its lolling, greedy tongue licks at the flaming stars and its paws thresh the dark crowns of the tall trees.

One evening I sat with Lorenz Hagenbeck in a game preserve in a Mecklenburg forest. Before us stretched a meadow surrounded on three sides by tall slim fir trees. We had been sitting there from six o'clock, not to shoot but

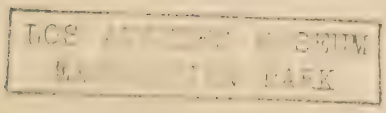
to watch the deer when they would come from the thicket to graze after the rain. Not an animal was to be seen. The wood lay still in silent peace, filled with balsamic odours. I lay back and watched the clouds.

The grey wall of the sky trembled, an old camel stallion with a short thick neck came riding from the south over the dark crown of the forest. Its head grazed the small bright drift of radiance and then came nearer in slow descent. The head rose up and became a jagged mountain peak and changed again into the skull of an old man. But a second later and it was a wild boar's snout, dark and grey, and crowned with a Turkish fez.

Trembling cloud films veiled the grotesque vision, and when they swayed apart there appeared in wondrous reincarnation the head and shoulders of a young dromedary, slim and dainty and of such unearthly delicacy that an evening zephyr served to brush away its grace.

And in this moment a herd of red deer trod in grave procession from the forest into the mist-laden meadow, and even in the material silver of their bodies they were no less creatures of the spirit than the animals of the clouds. But suddenly, a hand's-breadth from my head, a blackbird perched at my side. He piped a while, and with glittering, pearly eyes—*looked at me.*

FINIS



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